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## IMPERIAL HISTORY.

AN Imperial decree has determined that the ingenuous youth of France shall once more study history, and the Minister of Public Instruction has indicated what is the history that is to be learnt, and how it is to be taught. Young Frenchmen are no longer to be cut off from an acquaintance with the annals of their country since the Revolution made modern France what it is. They are to be allowed to know all that has happened down to the present occupation of Mexico. This is, indeed, all that history has to offer them, for the history of France can scarcely possibly come down later at present. It would be but a lame ending if all the past of France culminated in the guarded and conditional acceptance of the Mexican throne by an Austrian prince, and so the end is to be a little earlier, and the young Frenchman is to be left content with seeing the eagle of his country sitting proudly on the ruins of Puebla. It is only in accordance with the general character of French instruction that the modern annals of France should form a part of it; for it is principally directed to the study of that which belongs peculiarly to France itself, and the languages and thoughts of other nations hold a very secondary place in it. And it is perfectly in keeping with the whole system of Imperialism to try to seize on the national mind from its infancy, and to mould it as the Empire requires that it should be moulded. The perversion of modern history is an enormous engine of authority, which a Government that aims at making any other Government impossible may be wise to take advantage of. The French will now be taught from their cradles to believe that all that is great and glorious in their history began with the Revolution; that the First NAPOLEON was the child and hero of the Revolution; that for thirty years France tried to forget the secret of her strength, and floundered helplessly in dishonour and imbecility, wearily hearing the unmeaning harangues of sterile Parliamentary contests, until at last she got ashamed of pursuits so trivial, and alive to her own loss of dignity and honour, and called to power and fame the one man who had in his keeping the secrets of the great Revolution, and who could govern France as she really wished, and make her once more grand and looked up to. Young men will read all this, and they will find older men, clever and adroit in their way, quite ready to teach it them; and it would argue a very shallow acquaintance with the human mind to think that this will have no effect, and that truth will pierce through the clouds in which she will be veiled. The Romish Church has also got a history of its own which, wherever power is given it, is taught, and no other is suffered to be known. In its constant miracles attest the power and greatness of the Church, and Protestants and heretics are confounded and overcome, and all blessings are given to the faithful, and to them alone. This history enters into the minds of simple people, and they see the past only as the Church teaches them to see it, and make all they hear and read of fit into this ecclesiastical scheme of things, or else reject it as dangerous and inscrutable. In America there is a popular history of the brief fortunes of the ill-fated Republic which is current among the people, and which has done much to spread the delusion that America has successfully met the whole power of the British Empire, and that the engagements on the Canadian Lakes and the defence of New Orleans were some of the greatest achievements the world has ever seen. In fact, all history is apt to be more or less perverted to suit the purposes of those who have to tell it. In the good old Tory days of England, historians used to draw a series of inferences from the events of English history which made all things square with comfortable Conservative doctrines, until they gave way to another school, and then English history became a gradual but successful introduction to the great Reform Bill. Toryism was kept up and fostered by the teaching it administered, and

Liberalism has increased its power by having a control over the accepted version of the past. Here we do not generally suffer recent history to be taught in our schools, because we wish that the young should not start with prejudiced views of what living men have done, and we should think it unfair and contrary to the spirit of free institutions that a judgment should be inspired on party politics by schoolmasters. But the Imperial Government does not wish to be fair. It wishes to exist, and in order to exist it must keep alive the notion that it alone gives France what she wants. It could scarcely have a more effectual means of instilling this belief than the adaptation of modern history to its purposes.

It is true, indeed, that no programme of a Minister of Public Instruction could ensure that history would be taught to the profit of Imperialism. M. DURUY has carefully pointed out what is to be learnt as to some portion of the time when Napoleonism was under a cloud; and it would be easy to fill up the code, and to go through the annals of the Restoration and of the Dynasty of July, so as to make it appear that that lamentable time was only a season of trial sent to bring back the nation to its true home in the Second Empire. But unless those who taught were anxious to please their superiors, no code of instructions could prevent the wrong sort of instruction being given. It would be difficult to administer an official reproof to the professor of a lyceum who stated to his hearers that LOUIS-PHILIPPE gave up his throne because he would not be guilty of shedding French blood. No fact of history is more indisputable, and none seems more simple, and yet it is a fact that the authors of the *coup d'état* would wish the young should never know. But the Imperial Government knows that, so long as it is powerful, it may rely implicitly on the subservience of the teachers it selects. There will be no dangerous acknowledgments of the virtues of the BOURBONS, or of the popular enthusiasm they once awakened. No one will attempt to do justice to the spirit, the eloquence, the courage, and the patience of many of the chief men of the Parliamentary times. No one will explain that these men endured great disappointments and encountered great difficulties because they wished to establish a durable liberty. The professors will be very tame and very obedient, and very anxious to get favour and promotion. And it must be acknowledged that an Imperialist version of recent history will come more naturally to men's minds than it used to do. The Empire has succeeded, and success persuades men of its right to be successful. It is a great mistake to think that the testimonies of gratitude to the EMPEROR, and of approbation of the existing system of government, which are now poured forth so lavishly, are all hollow and unreal. Eight or nine years ago, it would have shocked, we believe, such men as M. DURUY himself, to have had to screw all modern history round so as to glorify the author of the *coup d'état* and the cause of so many innocent men dying in misery at Cayenne. But time has reconciled them to what has happened, and the daily influence of the Empire, and the spectacle of its power and prestige, have altered the ways of thinking of many men who have no very strong moral feelings, and who have learnt gradually to look on France as the EMPEROR himself looks on it. And it must be added that it is very easy in itself to make the Imperial version of history the popular one. It is always easy to connect the name of NAPOLEON with France triumphant and rejoicing, and to connect the names of the restored BOURBONS with France humiliated, desolate, and overrun by the alien friends of the Monarchy. And young people, and all who catch eagerly at popular views, can easily be induced to turn away from the details of constitutional history and to fix their attention on events so much more definite and stirring as the siege of Sebastopol and the victories of Magenta and Solferino.

There are, indeed, some minds that will recoil from this creation of a history suited only to Imperialism, and that,

when riper years give an opportunity for examination, will resent the fraud that has been practised on them, and will be stung, by the sense of having been deceived, into an irrevocable hatred of Imperialism, and of the whole system that has made such teaching necessary and congenial to itself. The higher order of intellects will examine for themselves the course and import of the events that have taken place since the Revolution of '89. They will not be content to believe that the French nation began its only proper and true life after the Revolution, and they will trace back a part of the sufferings and wrongs, as well as of the greatness, of their own generation, to days when the Revolution was never thought of. The official perversion of modern history is an additional breach between the educated and liberal intellect of France and the Empire. But the EMPEROR has long ago realized the fact that his system and the supremacy of a free national intellect are incompatible. He reigns in despite and in defiance of philosophers and poets and historians, and the history of Rome may perhaps be accepted as an indication that a throne guarded by soldiery, and passively countenanced by the masses, may survive such shocks as philosophers and poets and historians can give it. By boldly treating modern history, the subject of so natural and powerful a curiosity, as a theme from which the value of the Empire may be learnt, and by filling up with a plausible statement the void which the absence of a knowledge of recent events creates, he gets hold of those unreflecting, well-meaning, slightly educated minds which form the mass of every society even among the upper classes; and he affords them what they most love—an account of how they came to be where and as they are—and puts it in a shape which is very intelligible, and which seems to square very well with the other notions they have imbibed, and with what they see going on around them. There are great causes at work which may bring the Empire to an end, but it is also evident that it gains some stability from the mere fact of its existing; and if time is given them to produce their full effect, such influences as those of this Imperialized history will act with a subtle and powerful force on the national mind, and bring it into a harmony with the Empire which may determine the future of France.

#### THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

IT may be assumed that the Archduke MAXIMILIAN's acceptance of the Mexican Crown, though nominally conditional, is virtually definitive and final. It is impossible to suppose that he has not secured the indispensable consent of his brother, and he can scarcely have given his answer to the deputation without previously ascertaining that the negotiations with foreign Powers were proceeding favourably. The stipulations which have been attributed to the ARCHDUKE or his advisers are obviously absurd. It is as useless to ask for a guarantee from England as it would be unnecessary to require from France a security which is sufficiently furnished by the origin of the new Mexican Empire. All the demands of English policy will be satisfied if the authority of the Austrian dynasty is generally established in Mexico. Although the French enterprise was paradoxical in its conception, as it is still uncertain in its consequences, the success which was not anticipated will be not unwillingly acknowledged. There is no question of probability in past events, and, in the particular case, the result is not in itself unwelcome. It is not the wish or the interest of England that barbarism should be perpetuated in any corner of the earth; and although Mexico may perhaps still degenerate under a Monarchy, the Republic, after an experiment of fifty years, has proved itself a hopeless failure. The Mexicans are more in want of order than of liberty or national independence; and if industry can be protected from lawless violence under the new Constitution, the EMPEROR will be incomparably preferable to a President. The Archduke MAXIMILIAN will therefore be cordially recognised by England, and probably by all European Governments, as soon as he is firmly seated on his throne. If any further guarantee is, in the words of his answer to the deputation, required to rescue Mexico from the dangers which threaten her independence, the new dynasty must apply to the author of its existence for protection and support. It is not improbable that England might hereafter be induced to assist the Mexican Government in repelling wanton and unprovoked aggression, but a general warranty against foreign interference involves liabilities which no English Minister would be justified in undertaking. A potentate whose dominions justify him in assuming the title of Emperor ought to rely mainly on his subjects for the defence of his rights, although he may sometimes be justified in resorting to the assistance of his allies. It is perhaps scarcely prudent

to assume, in an official document, that the United States will inevitably be hostile to the Mexican Empire. The integrity of Mexico may be endangered by internal dissension, but her independence can only be threatened by Federal America, although it may perhaps be practically compromised by the benevolent patronage of France.

The Archduke MAXIMILIAN is said to possess spirit and ability, nor can it be doubted that he is capable of composing his own State papers; yet the language of his reply to the Mexican deputation suggests, by internal evidence, suspicions of a foreign origin. Gratitude is one of the most graceful virtues, and Mexico, whatever may be its value, is an absolute gift to its future Sovereign. Nevertheless, it is startling to find that a Prince of the House of HAPSBURG almost openly professes his vassalage to the Emperor of the FRENCH. The crown is accepted according to the forms prescribed by the most recent and rigid French precedents. The ARCHDUKE could scarcely have called himself a descendant of CHARLES V., although, in common with half the princes of Europe, he is descended in the female line from PHILIP II. of Spain; but his French prompter or secretary might easily forget that the Imperial House of Austria represents the brother, and not the son, of the first Spaniard who reigned over Mexico. A Royal or Imperial pedigree, although it may be inaccurately stated, is in fact a valuable qualification in the founder of a dynasty. Personal virtue and ability may be more deserving of respect, but they are also more liable to dispute and to rivalry. South American Generals and Presidents think themselves as competent and as honest as their rivals, nor would it be easy even for an impartial tribunal to apportion their comparative demerits. Mexico has had many patriots and military leaders, including a colonel who at one step promoted himself to the rank of Emperor; but MAXIMILIAN will be the only depositary in his dominions of the genuine European *ichor*. The rudest image may become a centre or symbol of national unity, when it is once understood that, like the shield of NUMA, it came down from heaven; and when the object of worship is in itself admirable, or even tolerably respectable, the patriotic votaries may esteem themselves doubly fortunate. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN is probably better than MIRAMON, and abler than JUAREZ, even if he were not an undoubted scion of a great and ancient family.

His dependence upon France is most definitely indicated by the compulsory adoption of the modern contrivance of a so-called *plebiscite*. Having derived from a peculiar application of universal suffrage a kind of title to the throne of France, NAPOLEON III. has since exerted himself to give the sanction of custom to an ostensibly promiscuous vote. A more anomalous and irrational mode of legalizing the consequences of force was never invented by revolutionists or usurpers. Hereditary succession, though it has often produced mischievous effects, has a real foundation in human nature, and, when proper limitations are imposed upon rulers, it is found in practice eminently expedient. The NAPOLEONS themselves have made it their principal object to establish an hereditary dynasty, although they have amused their subjects by pretending to derive their title from the will of the people. The pretence that a bare majority of a population has the right, in a single day, to determine the destiny of the nation and of posterity, would be extravagantly absurd and unjust even if the whole machinery of the suffrage were not fictitious and delusive. It is conceivable that the Emperor of RUSSIA should attempt to cure his defective title to Poland by a *plebiscite* of the peasants. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, on the other hand, would certainly not risk his Hungarian Crown by an appeal to the majority of votes. The mass of a people has no moral or legal right to bind the intellectual classes by granting away the independence, the Constitution, or the liberty of a nation. Tacit acquiescence in any established authority conveys a sounder title. The propounders of *plebiscites* are far too prudent to rely on the votes which they afterwards exhibit in proof of the legitimacy of their claims. They conquer a country, or take possession of a government, and then they ask the people, not what they would wish, but whether they approve of a transaction which can no longer be undone. The PRINCE-PRESIDENT suppressed the Republic before he asked for a popular confirmation of his act; and, in perfect consistency with his own practice, he has conquered Mexico before he asks the Mexicans whether they will accept his nominee. French prefects and their Mexican imitators have no difficulty in managing universal suffrage, especially when there is only an alternative between an expected Yes and an unmeaning No. A vote against the ARCHDUKE would not expel Marshal FOREY from Mexico, nor would it restore or establish a Republic. The Indians who form the majority of



the population have never heard of MAXIMILIAN, and few among them know whether Austria is in Europe or Asia. The spontaneous expression of the wishes of the nation is required, not to represent Mexican opinion, but to sanction the process which gave a master to France, and a new owner to Savoy and Nice.

The English Government will of course abstain, as in the cases of Central Italy and Naples, from approving, directly or indirectly, the manner in which the Archduke MAXIMILIAN, under French dictation, proposes to assume the Mexican Crown. Undisputed possession will be a better proof of his right than any manipulation of the ballot-box. The vote, however, which will be easily secured, may furnish an amusing cause of embarrassment to the Government of the United States. An ambitious democracy can scarcely deny that a Constitution founded on universal suffrage is an expression of the popular will; and although it may be conjectured that the choice of an Austrian Emperor was not absolutely spontaneous, a foreign invader will scarcely be in a position to question the validity of the election. As far as the Mexicans have an opinion or a preference, they hate the Americans who drove them out of Texas and California far more cordially than they dislike either the French army or the expected Austrian EMPEROR. The impediments which have unexpectedly thwarted the manifest destiny of the United States are by no means disagreeable to its designated victims. Of the Latinity which the Emperor of the FRENCH has discovered among Creoles and Indians, the Mexicans are perhaps still unconscious, but they are perfectly aware that they talk a dialect of Spanish, and they are devoted Catholics. A popular vote against American annexation would require no official prompting. The alliance which the Emperor NAPOLEON apparently meditates between his Mexican dependency and the Confederate States will be intelligible, and perhaps not disagreeable, to the subjects of the new monarchy. They have no longer anything to fear from the cupidity of the South, and they cordially detest the Northern champions of the MONROE doctrine and the self-appointed patrons of Mexican independence. It will be the business of the French Generals to secure possession of the towns in which universal suffrage must be transacted. The Government and Congress, as they call themselves, of Mexico have probably by this time evacuated St. Luis de Potosi, where they protested two or three months ago against the election of the Archduke MAXIMILIAN. If the *de jure* Republic is forced to evacuate the country, and if it is subsequently renounced by universal suffrage, its evanescent right will scarcely be noticed by any European Power. The Federal Americans will probably welcome the exiles, and, if circumstances favour, they may at some future period attempt, like the Athenians in the smaller Greek cities, to reinstate the democracy by arms. In the meantime, the adherents of JUAREZ are perfectly justified in using strong language, and if any of them remain unbought, they may legitimately protest against the Empire, even when it is sanctioned by the unanimous vote of the population.

#### THE EARTHQUAKE.

WE can scarcely expect, in the present state of the public mind, that the popular view of the recent earthquake will be very different from what it would have been in the dark ages. The great public instructors may congratulate themselves on the spread of intellectual light, and on the march of mind, and may contrast the abject superstition of the past with that calm philosophical estimate of material phenomena which we are told is the characteristic of our own times. It is to be feared that much of our light is only borrowed, and is but a sham reflection; and with the awkward facts of experience which so often occur, it may be doubted whether, as far as the general intelligence goes, any very remarkable advance has been made. The difference between our credulity and that of past centuries is this—that credulity then took a respectable form, whereas now it is disreputable. It was a virtue, and it included a pious and reverential feeling; now, it is a sin concealed, and consequently cherished. It was a religion—it is a superstition. But it exists nevertheless. Whole villages—with schools, and clergy, and railways, and electric telegraphs—believe in witchcraft, and act on their belief. Spiritualism has its professors and its organs. The trade of a soothsayer is profitable, and magical books are a lucrative literature. In their heart of hearts there are tens and hundreds of thousands who will connect the rare occurrence of an earthquake in England with some significance, moral, spiritual, or political. Earthquakes in countries of active volcanic agency are as much a matter of course as is a violent and exceptional tempest among our-

selves. The people of Central America or Calabria or the Philippines no more think of investing an earthquake with any supernatural meaning than we should think of reading Divine wrath in a specially destructive storm. But literature grew up in countries where earthquakes were rare, and they have consequently connected themselves, in an exceptional way, with religious feelings. There are those who probably think, without a metaphor, that the voice of the DEITY is in the thunder; and such may perhaps be pardoned for considering an earthquake as a sign of an angry Providence. It is the Scriptural image in which troubles and convulsions of the spiritual world are described. When the solid foundations of the round world seem to be shaken, the mind may be almost pardoned for thinking that wrath has gone out from the Most HIGH; and even the staid and lofty poet of antiquity, whose whole mind was occupied in a protest against superstition, and against religion itself, admits and apologizes for the feeling that the thunderstorm was a stern awakener of conscience, and a remembrancer of the retribution that awaits the tyrant's crime and public wrong:—

— Quoi non animus formidine Divom  
Contrahitur? quoniam non conrepunt membra pavore,  
Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus  
Contremuit, et magnam perecurrunt murmura cœlum?  
Non populi gentesque tremunt? regesque superbi  
Conripunt Divom perculi membra timore,  
Ne quid ob admissum fœde, dictumve superbe,  
Pœnarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum?

How far Kings and peoples of the present day are above or below what we have ventured to think is still at the bottom of very many minds among us when they discuss the earthquake of Tuesday morning, it is not for us to say. We shall not inquire whether Foreign Secretaries read the signs in Heaven and Earth. If they had consulted ZADKIEL—who will next year sell a hundred thousand more copies on the strength of another lucky hit—they would have found that that distinguished seer, in his "Voices of the Stars for October, 1863," foretold that "from the conjunction of Saturn and Mars earthquakes and storms, both physical and political, are likely to occur." To be sure the prophecy was a safe one, for, as the illustrious TAO-SZE did not specify an English earthquake, there was pretty certain to be an earthquake somewhere in the *orbis terrarum* early in October, and tempests at the Equinox form a safe subject for prediction. But certainly this shaking of the earth and the disturbance of the political equilibrium are strangely coincident. If earthquakes are sent to admonish the nations as to political duties and political crimes, the lesson is just now significant. One young King is mounting a precarious throne, and a new Transatlantic sceptre has just been manufactured, and offered to the ambition of a cautious yet adventurous aspirant. Europe seems to be trembling to its very centre with the rumours of war; the balance of power is rudely shaken; and fresh political combinations, both for disturbance and stability, are threatened or promised. If earthquakes are the precursors and omens of coming troubles, the political future is likely enough to fulfil the threatening presage. The old women of another generation may perhaps recall, with a shudder of cowering piety, that the great German war or the great Polish war was heralded by the famous English earthquake of October, 1863.

For, in its way, this earthquake was, for England, a remarkable one. Although it occurred at an hour very unfavourable to accurate observation, sufficient facts for the information of the future historian seem to have been ascertained. It remains to be seen whether the shock was the dying wave of a more formidable volcanic concussion at one of the great centres of activity in the far South West; but, making allowance for the lack of precision in unscientific observers, there must have been a very considerable disturbance to shake so many people in their beds in the dead of the night. We can scarcely recall an accredited instance of so large and sensible a terrestrial disturbance in our own island. The earthquake is represented to have been most violent in the West and North-western districts, and though its motion seems, according to the majority of witnesses, to have been from East to West, it does not appear to have been felt in the Eastern counties. At some places, such as Wolverhampton, Malvern, and Taunton, the whole population was roused. Exaggeration, of course, might have been expected, and observers differ widely both as to the number of shocks and their duration; but few of us are accustomed to measure seconds of time with any great accuracy, and people startled from their sleep may well make mistakes even in counting oscillations as well as moments. As is usually the case, the most scientific observers are the most moderate in their estimates. Mr. HIND observed

only one shock, and calculated its duration at two or three seconds; while others have counted four shocks, and give a duration of fifteen seconds to more than one vibration. But it must be admitted that Mr. HIND observed at Twickenham, and that other observers at Slough and Blackheath record nothing resembling the very sensible phenomena which an educated man like the principal of the Training College at Cheltenham has recorded. The force of the shock seems to have died out when it reached the London district. One of the most noticeable discrepancies is, that some persons noticed a noise. At Hereford it is described as having been "perfectly awful." It will require a searching investigation to decide whether there was this alleged fearful noise, or whether it is not an ordinary fallacy of the senses to connect motion with sound. It may be doubted whether, in the parallel case of explosions and cracklings which are often said to accompany meteoric appearances, the noise is not in some instances imaginary. We see a violent explosion and a train of sparks, and we think we hear it. In many cases the narrators must have drawn largely on their imaginations, as when they describe the earth rocking for two minutes; and some of them must have had ears of preternatural activity, judging from their narrative of the volleys of sound which they think they heard. However, we may fairly conclude that, in the district about Hereford, which appears to have been the centre of disturbance, there was a considerable noise, though it may be doubted whether excitement had not something to do with its alleged volume, "as loud as the "loudest clap of thunder."

On the whole, the cloud of witnesses who write to the *Times* tell much the same story as to the main facts, and their tedious iteration may well be pardoned for the value of the combined testimony. Something of amusement may be extracted from the little insight which the narratives give us into people's minds. The novelist, of course, impersonates the earthquake, and gives it the form and substance of a monstrous beast. A gentleman whose mind runs upon ghosts expects an invisible hand, and listens for aerial voices, and airs his powers of fine writing. A third narrator relates the connubial dialogue which ensued on the shock. And we gather certain facts about the British bedroom which are important, such as that Mr. DICKENS sleeps on iron, and that the heavy four-poster is not yet extinct. When it comes for narrators to distinguish between rocking and sliding, and movement upwards or sideways, and to fix the direction of the movement, and to pronounce whether it was undulatory or oscillating, there is a good deal of discrepancy, but not sufficient to prevent us from acknowledging that there has been collected a large and consentient amount of facts which will probably make the earthquake of 1863 important in a scientific aspect. A good many people will never forget it; and, though we are removed from the great zones of volcanic action, it may not be without its influences of good that a generation and a people to whom the larger and more impressive phenomena of nature are almost unknown should have their attention drawn in this very practical form to the causes by which empires rise and kingdoms decay. We all know that in the distant past these islands, both as to their climate and their geological state, were absolutely unfitted for their present imperial condition as the home of the loftiest development of man's thought and power. The causes which have made our England what it is have been slow in their action; but science has not yet assured us that other violent and sudden cataclysms are impossible, and that a new natural order may not be introduced at a brief warning. An earthquake is useful as a hint, at least, of the instability of human greatness, and of our dependence on cosmical arrangements which are by no means free from the great law of mutability.

#### POLAND.

A WELL-WRITTEN Russian answer to the official French pamphlet on Poland illustrates the vague and unsatisfactory character of international controversies. Discussion is comparatively useless when the facts, rather than the inferences, form the subject-matter of dispute. The Russian writer easily triumphs over his pompous adversary when he deals with the assumed duty of the self-named Great Nation to set the world to rights. The mythology of the Empire is especially vulnerable to criticism when it celebrates the heroic services of France to Poland. The French pamphleteer thought fit to assert that NAPOLEON preferred the loss of his Crown to the admission that Poland was never to be restored as a nation. But the Russian disputant quotes a Note addressed in 1809, by M. DE CHAMPAGNY, to Count ROMANZOFF, in which the French Minister declares that the

EMPEROR renounces all thought of the restoration of Poland, and that he will concur in every measure which may tend to efface the very recollection of the name from the memory of the people:—"His Majesty desires that the words Poland" and the Poles may disappear, not only from diplomatic transactions, but even from history." Three years later NAPOLEON steadily refused to proclaim the re-establishment of Poland, although he stated on one occasion that, if the Poles were destined to accomplish their independence, the EMPEROR would be disposed rather to assist than to counteract the intentions of Providence. The rectification of history is a laudable task, but the exposure of baseless traditions has but a secondary bearing on contemporary policy. The Romans were not less successful in their later wars because they thought fit to believe, or to assert, that ROMULUS was suckled by a wolf, and that CÆSAR was descended from ÆNEAS. The semi-fabulous exploits and sentiments of the First NAPOLEON are employed by his heir, not to regulate his own policy, but to furnish on occasion popular precedents for his acts. If the French are persuaded that their forefathers sacrificed their own interests to the welfare of Poland, foreign scepticism will scarcely weaken their conviction that it is their business to continue the glorious enterprise. The confutation of rhetorical flourishes leaves the practical argument untouched. It may be true that France seldom goes to war for an idea, but the warlike propensities of the nation are undoubted, whatever may be the motive of particular quarrels. The sympathy of Frenchmen in general with Poland is probably more disinterested than the ordinary reasons for national hostilities. The prospect of territorial aggrandisement is at present indefinite and remote.

The Russian writer, like Prince GORTSCHAKOFF himself, pays an involuntary compliment to French sincerity by addressing his arguments principally to the other members of the possible coalition. Germany is warned against the prospective danger of finding herself inclosed between France and Poland, although history and geography alike show that Russia is more formidable on the Eastern frontier of the Confederacy. No Polish Government could exercise in Central Europe the baneful influence of NICHOLAS, nor is it forgotten that France and Russia have once completed and frequently projected an aggressive alliance. The diplomatists of 1815, exclusively concerned with resistance to the pretensions of Russia, were always willing to concur in the re-establishment of Polish independence. The Germans have not habitually entertained national feelings of regard to the Poles, who have always been their nearest neighbours of alien race and inferior civilization; but the Governments which lately assembled at Frankfurt are probably identified with the policy of Austria, and there is reason to believe that the Prussian people utterly repudiate the Russian propensities of the KING and his Minister. All patriotic German statesmen are aware that the only danger to be apprehended from France consists in the obstinate adherence of Prussia to an illiberal and unpopular policy. The independence of Poland, if it were once achieved, would remove Russia to a distance, and deprive France of a pretext for disturbing the peace of Europe. It is not to be expected that Germany will form part of a coalition against Russia, but the success of the insurrection would only affect German interests injuriously by endangering the tenure of Posen. The Russian pamphleteer, in the same spirit, cautions England against facilitating French vengeance for Waterloo by assisting to revenge the Beresina, and yet he endeavours to excite Continental jealousy by hinting that a war with Russia might be in some respects advantageous to English policy. It is perhaps too much to expect a foreigner to believe that no living Englishman desires an opportunity of redeeming the failure or inaction of 1855 by destroying the defences of Cronstadt. If a war is ultimately forced on by Russian obstinacy, the rupture will be wholly attributable to the sincere indignation which is universally felt against the oppressors of Poland. The honours which are heaped on MOURAVIEFF foster the irritation which vents itself in ostensibly technical remonstrances against the breach of the Treaty of Vienna. Lord PALMERSTON expressed the general opinion of his countrymen when he recommended the Poles, in 1862, to reconcile themselves, if possible, with the reigning dynasty. Since that time, the WIEŁOPOLSKI conscription and the revolutionary violence of the Russian functionaries have justified the insurrection which forces itself on the notice of foreign Governments, although they could not have advised an enterprise which may formerly have seemed unnecessary, as it may still perhaps be thought hopeless.

The apologists of Russia might, a year ago, have appealed with some plausibility to the character and beneficent inten-



tions of ALEXANDER II. The outrages which had been even then perpetrated in Warsaw might possibly have been disavowed, and the rebuffs which had met the moderate proposals of the Polish nobles might possibly have been followed and redeemed by large concessions. Judicial murder, wholesale confiscation, barbarous deportations of numerous families, are not to be explained away by vague professions of liberality. ALEXANDER I. made larger promises, perhaps with more sincerity, and yet the advocates of Russia scarcely think it necessary to excuse the levity with which his pledges were afterwards violated. One of the recent French pamphlets on Poland appropriately republishes the proclamation which was addressed to the inhabitants of the new Kingdom in 1815. "A Constitution suited to the wants of the country" and to your character, the use of your language in public documents, functions and offices conferred only on Poles, "liberty of commerce and navigation, facility of communication with those parts of the Poland of former times which are left under another Power, your national army, the guarantee of all means of perfecting your laws, the free circulation of intelligence in your country—such are the advantages which you shall enjoy under our Government." The parchment Constitution was afterwards sent in a cart to Moscow, and the far more important right to a national army has not even been mentioned in the recent discussions. It is, however, unnecessary to inquire whether the Poles ought to be satisfied, as they, in fact, refuse either to believe the promises or to recognise the authority of Russia. It is absurd to pretend, with the author of the Russian pamphlet, that there are only four millions of Poles, of whom three-fourths are loyally attached to the EMPEROR, while four-fifths of the remainder disapprove of an enterprise which has in fact only two hundred thousand active supporters. The alleged unanimity of the Russians themselves may perhaps be almost equally apocryphal. The peasants of the Ukraine, whom Russian policy has armed against their Polish masters, are proceeding with impartial vigour to abolish the rights of all other owners of property.

The intentions of the French Government will perhaps be disclosed at the approaching meeting of the Senate and Legislative Body, nor is it improbable that the decision of the EMPEROR will be influenced by the expression of opinion in the debates on the Address. At present the French journals professedly attribute serious importance to Lord RUSSELL's intimation that the resources of diplomacy are not exhausted with the close of the verbal discussion; and it may easily be understood that the French Government would gladly denounce, in concert with England, the remaining provisions of the Treaty of Vienna. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's language perhaps justifies the withdrawal of recognition of the right of Russia to Poland, as far as it is derived from the formal sanction of the Powers of Europe; and if such a measure is beneficial to the Poles, the anomaly which it involves may be overbalanced by the expediency of serving a just cause without material cost. It is only necessary to consider whether it will be possible to maintain peace, and yet to follow the withdrawal of recognition by any consistent course of action. The avoidance of the title-deeds only remits the Emperor of RUSSIA to the bare possession which he would retain without the conditions on which it was originally granted. It is not the policy of England to dispute the right of any existing Government to the territories which it visibly occupies. The master of Warsaw must still give an *exequatur* to the English Consul before he can exercise his functions. On the other hand, no treaty would interfere with the friendly acknowledgment of an independent Polish Government. It is, nevertheless, possible that a formal censure may be warranted by the conduct of Russia, and by political expediency.

#### THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

LORD BROUGHAM at Edinburgh carries one back to a past generation, and it was only natural that the memories associated with the place should have infused an unwonted pathos into the vigorous oratory of almost the last survivor of the famous Edinburgh school. If there is any spot in Great Britain where the Social Science Congress might feel itself at home, it should be in the once philosophical capital of Scotland; but the old glory is dimmed, and when Lord BROUGHAM had sadly recalled the names of his former associates—BLACK, SMITH, the STEWARTS, PLAYFAIR, ROBINSON, CAMPBELL, and JEFFREY—few of his hearers could have missed the reflection that there was no catalogue of living celebrities to be named as the worthy successors of those who have passed away. The President of the Congress seemed the only link that

remained to bind Edinburgh to her past fame, and to give the appearance of continued life to a burst of genius which has almost passed into the domain of history. But if Edinburgh has changed in those sixty years, how much more has the whole world been transformed? There is scarcely a tinge of exaggeration in the picture which Lord BROUGHAM draws of the changes that have visited our race—changes which all dominions, principalities, and powers have undergone. "The destroying angel has stalked abroad in the Old World and in the New, snapping the ties that bound States and their provinces together, extinguishing old monarchies and calling into existence new, hurling mighty sovereigns from their thrones and replacing them with the humble and unknown, making revolutions and changes of dynasty no longer events that startle by their rare occurrence and terrific aspects, but to be expected in the ordinary course of affairs as things to which habit has accustomed us." And then, with a pardonable tribute to national vanity, the companion picture of "the restless foot of English adventure unceasingly encroaching on so many deserts, and the tried virtue of the English character converting them into flourishing abodes of civilized life," is thrown in, as if to show that the practised orator has not lost his cunning. What wonder that out of such reflections should have sprung a host of digressions on the political and social changes of Europe, on the terrible strife that is destroying America, on the colonial growth and greatness of England herself, or that an audience even of social philosophers should have listened once more with pleasure to an old story so effectively told?

Probably those who heard scarcely remembered to ask themselves what such themes had to do with Social Science; but, to the mere readers of printed rhetoric, the irreverent inquiry suggests itself even more strongly than on former occasions. The great problem which the Association has started—"What is Social Science?" still ranks among the mysteries which remain to be discovered; and though the social regeneration of Russian serfs and the wonderful success of Co-operative Societies are adroitly woven into the thread of the discourse, to give it a dimly appropriate character, the haziness of the conception of Social Science which has pervaded the proceedings of every successive meeting shows that the Association has not yet developed its fundamental idea (if it has one), or managed to define itself to its own satisfaction. The connexion of the physical sciences grows closer every day, but law and political economy, education, decimal coinage, and the early-closing movement are not the less distinct subjects of discussion because they are pronounced to be within the cognizance of a single association. We know what we mean by the generalization "scientific society;" but an order of "social-savans" scarcely presents itself with much distinctness to the mind's eye. It is difficult to give unity to a group of lawyers, educationists, amateurs of drainage, and financial crotcheteers; but a little incongruity in the composition of the Congress gives additional piquancy to the opening address, and does not necessarily impair the value of any of the sectional discussions. The promised debate on international law will, no doubt, lose none of its interest from the fact that the claims of Ragged Schools to Government support will be advocated in an adjoining room. A paper on the Matrimonial Law of Scotland ought to give rise to an animated debate, if any Southron should be bold enough to suggest, in Edinburgh, that a life-long contract ought not to be entered into with less ceremony than is required to legalize the purchase of a horse. Even the sanitary arrangements of Leith and Edinburgh (if there are any, which most visitors would be inclined to doubt) should have at least a local interest; and contributions from Miss NIGHTINGALE on the larger questions of hygiene are certain to command attention, and to supply suggestions for practical work. The unfathomable Convict problem will, of course, be exhibited in its hopeless mystery; and we are not sure that an essay "On the Influence of Smoking on the Being of Man" may not prove as amusing as anything that Dean CLOSE himself has ever produced.

The subject of Trade Societies is so well understood by all except a small knot of enthusiasts in the cause of social terrorism, that little benefit is likely to result from reopening a discussion which has come to a legitimate conclusion; but the kindred and yet contrasted movement which has already combined no less than 700,000 working men in Co-operative Associations deserves more consideration from economists than it has yet received. The sketch which Lord BROUGHAM gave of the movement in his opening speech deserves to be filled up with such details as can only be supplied by those who have been engaged in a work which is as important in its possible influence on the labouring classes, of whom so little is really known, as

the rise of joint-stock enterprise was in the commercial world. Sixteen years ago, forty working men at Rochdale clubbed their money together, and made their purchases through a common agency. Now, there are in existence 500 Co-operative Societies composed of working men, selling goods to the value of more than 2,000,000*l.* a year, and realizing an annual profit of 165,000*l.* Almost all these associations are what are termed Co-operative Stores, and are essentially different from the manufacturing Co-operative Societies, many of which, based on Socialist notions, have fallen to pieces from the essential defects of their constitution. Some prejudice has prevailed against the Co-operative Stores from their not very happily-chosen designation. They differ radically from the societies to which the term "co-operative" more strictly belongs. A partnership in labour between a large number of working men is almost certain to fail from inequalities of industry and skill, and from the impossibility of proportioning remuneration to the services of each member of the society. But a Co-operative Store is only a partnership in capital, the employment of which is restricted to one simple process—namely, the purchase of commodities in daily use, for sale to the members of the body. Unlike the labour-partnerships, which were projected to add to the independence of the artisan classes, the Co-operative Store presents few difficulties of management, and is only a novelty in so far as it extends to a lower stratum of society the benefits which, on a larger scale, have resulted from the combination of capital. A thousand working men, who employ a single agent to purchase all their necessities, save the labour and the profits of a score of petty tradesmen; and the benefits of this simple arrangement are visible, not only in the superior quality and cheapness of the goods supplied to the members, but in clubs, reading-rooms, and libraries, which have grown up out of the surplus profits of the societies. So far from being Socialist in principle, these Co-operative Stores are mere contrivances for saving the excessive waste of labour in the work of distribution. A tenth part of the retailers in England would probably be able, with better organization, to distribute the subjects of daily traffic as effectually as is now done; and any attempt to introduce economy of labour and consequent cheapness into the petty branches of commerce deserves all the encouragement which it can receive. The working classes, indeed, have shown more sagacity in this matter than those who stand higher in the social scale, and their success is sufficient proof that no extraneous support is required; but the Social Science Congress will have done good service if it makes the spontaneous growth of Co-operative Stores more generally known and appreciated. Other topics of genuine interest are not wanting in the programme; and though it is difficult to avoid a smile at the ostentatious generalization which claims scientific unity for a group of heterogeneous subjects, that is no reason for rejecting such information as some, at least, of the promised discussions may be expected to supply.

#### CONTINENTAL PARLIAMENTS.

**A**FTER a long period of depression, Constitutional Government is regaining importance on the Continent. Almost every Continental nation, except the Eastern barbarisms of Russia and Turkey, has a Constitution, and one or more Chambers professing to represent the nation and control the Sovereign, even if it is only by giving him good advice. And in almost every Continental nation the Chambers have just met, or are on the eve of meeting. They are wiser than we are, and use the dull days of winter for business, instead of putting off all legislative work until the heat of summer makes business of any kind a burden which independent and unpaid representatives cannot possibly be expected to endure. Some of these Continental Chambers have smooth water before them, so far as is yet known, but in some there are storms to be met and, if possible, overcome. The Danish Parliament alone is invited to consider the prospect of immediate war, and it may be trusted to support its Sovereign in his bold attempt to cut the Gordian knot of the Schleswig-Holstein question. The Cabinet of Copenhagen proposes to bring the ancient quarrel to a definite issue by giving Holstein complete independence, by incorporating Schleswig into Denmark, with a very liberal Constitution for both, and by offering to fight at once if this arrangement is not accepted. This programme is not in complete accordance with the engagements of Denmark; but no practicable arrangement has ever been hit on that is in complete accordance with these engagements, and that which Denmark now proposes is definite, practicable, and by no

means unfair on the whole. It is, therefore, an arrangement which deserves the support of the Western Powers, and it would be a great disgrace to the diplomacy of England and France if war were really to spring up because it was distasteful to Germany. At the same time, it is great injustice to speak of the strong feeling in Germany which the Schleswig-Holstein business excites as a mere mania of professors. The origin of this feeling is the sympathy which Germans entertain for a German population which, as they think, and not wholly without reason, has been harshly treated. Impartial observers do not deny that Germany has something to complain of, but they revolt at the inconsistency of the Federal Government trying to enforce Constitutions on Denmark, and never having a word to say when Prussia or Austria sets up or pulls down free government. After a certain time, too, it is necessary that Europe should see that small quarrels—and the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel is an infinitely small one—should come to an end; and the King and Parliament of Denmark offer to bring this small quarrel to an end in a manner that is not wholly unsatisfactory.

Strangely enough, the two Continental Chambers which meet under the most favourable circumstances, and have the least exciting work before them, are those of the two rivals, Austria and Italy. In both countries free government has led to great prosperity, and great prosperity is something too new and too precious in both to be hastily thrown away. The last week or two has seen two new banks started for Austria with English co-operation, and an announcement has just been made that a National Bank of Italy is to be established. In both countries, too, railways are being pushed forward with the greatest rapidity, and VICTOR EMMANUEL especially has to spend half his time in rushing about to open sections of the numerous lines which will soon cover Italy with a network of communications. The Parliament in both countries has also some good news to cheer it at the commencement of its labours. As the Austrian Reichsrath has decided not to take the Budget into consideration until the Transylvanian deputies have arrived, it may be presumed that the Government has good ground to suppose that the Transylvanian Diet will not decline to add its share to the Imperial Chamber, and this may unquestionably open a path to some sort of reconciliation with Hungary. The Italian Parliament will have the satisfaction of hearing an official report on the success with which the recent efforts of the Ministry to put a stop to Southern brigandage have been attended. By the double machinery of inviting the brigand chiefs to come in and receive a pardon before a definite time had elapsed, and of taking very stringent measures against the friends and shelterers of brigands, an impression has been made on these fomenters of disorder which will increase every day with the establishment of a settled and firm Government. And even if the delicate relations of France and Italy do not permit any official notice to be taken of what is going on at Rome, every member of the Italian Parliament will know that the situation of the French at Rome is becoming every day more difficult and untenable. General MONTEBELLO has formally announced to the troops under his command that he wishes to control the outrages committed by the Papal gendarmes, but that the ecclesiastical authorities stand in his way. After such an announcement by the highest French authority on the spot, the EMPEROR can scarcely allow things to remain as they are; for he has permitted his representative to avow publicly that France is at once desirous and powerless to punish crimes which, but for her presence at Rome, could never be committed.

It is very possible that some expression of opinion on the part of the French Chamber may give him a plausible ground for altering his position at Rome. There will be many things said, when the Chamber meets, which the EMPEROR will not like; but on other points the aid which the Chamber can give him will be of great use to him. The ardent and indiscriminating admirers of the Empire, and of the arts by which the Empire has still to secure its position, will be shocked at some of the harsh language which the occurrences of the elections in the summer cannot fail to provoke. Those who have gained their seats as a tribute to their independence and courage will not fail to lay before France some account of the gross violations of electoral law by which the number of the Parliamentary opponents of the Government was carefully limited. But when the bitterness of this discussion has subsided, and home questions are relegated to the unimportance which is proper to them in a country where one man is everything, the numerous questions of foreign policy that must arise will probably elicit expressions of opinion which will not only be what the EMPEROR would approve of, but will serve him with an honourable excuse for doing what he wishes to do. The Mexican



expedition, it is true, still remains unpopular in France; but, as it has taken place, there is no room for complaining that the military success of France appears to be complete, and that the Archduke MAXIMILIAN has been induced to associate the name of his family with the enterprise. Poland will naturally form the topic of much declamation and many stirring and eloquent speeches, but the Chamber is sure to echo the opinion of all sensible Frenchmen, and to recognise that a war undertaken by France to free and establish Poland is, if not chimerical, far too full of risk to be willingly undertaken. It will thus seem to be the Chamber, and not the EMPEROR, which denies the wish to interfere on behalf of Poland pervading so large a portion of the masses of France. And this will be in the highest degree convenient. For if the EMPEROR decides on peace, he will be able to appear to abandon his own wishes in deference to those of the representatives of France; and if he determines on war, he will show the working men of France that he is the true champion of oppressed nationalities, and is not to be stopped although Chambers may vote against him, and orators may declaim against the generous course he has determined to adopt.

One Chamber alone meets to encounter the most serious danger, and to show whether it contains elements of wisdom and courage sufficient to carry a great nation through a crisis of extreme difficulty. There appears to be only one doubt at present as to the composition of the new Prussian Chamber. That it will be as opposed as its predecessors to the Ministry, that it will be heartily supported by the nation, and that all the efforts of the Government to control the elections will produce very little effect, is admitted on all hands. But public curiosity is excited to see how many Liberals of a moderate shade will be replaced by politicians of a deeper dye of advanced opinion. Even to have spoken words of conciliation, and to have made an effort to bring back some degree of harmony between the KING and the Chamber, appears now to be thought a good ground for rejecting the most eligible candidates. The nation seems to be getting furious, with a slow but deep kind of German fury. The social protest now made against the KING's conduct is really, perhaps, of more importance than the political. For the Germans have ordinarily much more political than social courage, and it costs a greater effort on the part of local authorities to receive the KING in dead silence, or to refuse to celebrate a royal birthday, than to vote for half a dozen Radical representatives. Every week makes the gulf between the KING and his people wider and wider, and in all likelihood we shall soon know whether this gulf will ever be bridged over. It lends an additional interest to the present state of Prussian politics that the crisis must come soon. Either the Ministry must be dismissed, or Parliaments and Parliamentary Government must be brought to a close in Prussia.

#### AMERICA.

THE victory obtained by the Confederates at the Chicamauga Creek will, even if it should prove otherwise barren, restore their hopes of successful resistance, and confirm their confidence in their leaders and their Government. In no part of the war have they shown more heroic vigour than in the interval which has followed their misfortunes at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. At Charleston, and on the Potomac, they have unflinchingly confronted the force of the enemy. The recent defeat of the Texas expedition shows that in the remotest parts of their territory they were prepared to repel hostile incursions. It is impossible to mistake the unanimity of the people, and the consequent freedom of action which is accorded to the Government. The Russian Court, in 1812, was more than once on the verge of submitting to the demands of NAPOLEON; and the wonderful defence of France, in 1814, was protracted by the EMPEROR against the wish of a considerable part of the nation. There is no reason to suppose that the South has wavered, or that it has been divided in the presence of appalling suffering and danger. The Federal Generals find the same difficulty in procuring information which embarrassed the French Marshals in Spain, and perhaps ROSENCRANZ himself may have shared the delusion that the army of his opponent was wasting away by straggling and desertion. It now appears that BRAGG deliberately retreated, like BARCLAY DE TOLLY and KUTUSOF before NAPOLEON, for the purpose of lengthening the line of hostile operations, and at the same time of retreating on his own supports. It may be found that Chicamauga was the Borodino of the war, except that the invader of the South was defeated, as well as baffled in his object. The Confederate Government seems to have provided reinforcements with admi-

nable celerity and secrecy. When BRAGG evacuated Chattanooga, he probably foresaw that he should induce ROSENCRANZ to increase his distance from the army of the Cumberland, which was advancing, under BURNSIDE, through Eastern Tennessee. A few days before the battle, the correspondents of the Northern papers began to discontinue their assertions that the Southern army had dissolved into a helpless mob. It was next rumoured that BRAGG was superior in numbers to his opponent; and when it suited the purpose of the Confederates to commence the struggle, they attacked in overwhelming force, although it is not certain that their entire army was more numerous. It is probable that the first accounts of the battle failed to do justice to ROSENCRANZ, who would seem to have displayed a total want of generalship and resource. The divisions of the Federal army appear to have been separately attacked and defeated, and only to have saved themselves from destruction by the obstinacy of their courage. When MCLELLAN was driven back from Richmond, he effected a strategic movement. The retrograde movement of ROSENCRANZ is described, with equal delicacy, as a concentration of his army on Chattanooga.

The greater or less significance of the victory will soon be understood from its results. It seems not impossible that General BRAGG or his lieutenants may succeed in intercepting BURNSIDE, or at least in compelling him to abandon the attempt to effect a junction with ROSENCRANZ. In default of large reinforcements, the Federal army will scarcely be able to resume the offensive, and Chattanooga is certainly not supplied with provisions or stores so that it could be permanently held by the invader. The line of retreat to Murfreesborough and Nashville is probably still open, though a beaten army will be exposed to serious inconvenience by the hostility of the population, which may have been intimidated into neutrality during the recent advance. If BURNSIDE succeeds in joining the main army, the Federal Generals may perhaps be enabled to risk another battle for the possession of Southern Tennessee. The Government of Washington will urge upon them the importance of occupying the detachments from LEE's army, while General MEADE makes one more attempt on the road to Richmond. In the meantime, the complacent speculators of the North console themselves with the reflection that PROVIDENCE will, as usual, favour the greatest number of battalions. New York writers actually boast that the North can afford to sacrifice life, while the Confederates are obliged to make good their numerical weakness by greater energy and more skilful strategic combinations. It is not impossible that too much reliance may be placed on the mere comparison of the hostile populations. The Confederates are undoubtedly embarrassed by want of recruits; but in the North, volunteer enlistments have almost ceased, and it is now admitted that the draft has, on the whole, proved a failure. The population of the Confederacy may be scanty, but every able-bodied man is available for defence; and the boasted millions of the North show little disposition at present to swell the ranks of the army. The garrison at Vicksburg, which has been exchanged since it was paroled, has now been re-organized, and it is believed that some of the regiments included in the capitulation took part in the battle of Chicamauga. Perhaps even the blatant declaimers of New York and New England are beginning to understand that the war will not terminate with the present year.

The impending State elections will perhaps be affected by any serious check to the progress of the Federal arms. The Democrats, who lately commanded a majority in New York and in some other States, think it necessary to pledge themselves to the indefinite prosecution of the struggle; but an opposition in time of war is almost always really a peace party. The dominant Republicans have indulged in much superfluous insolence, and they have taken pleasure in encouraging all the encroachments of the Administration on constitutional liberty; but they have identified themselves with an uncompromising policy of conquest, and they can easily prove that their opponents are less earnest in the cause. There is little use in professing to fight for a Union which is extinct, and for a Constitution which would be inapplicable to a vast conquered territory. Whenever the Democrats resume the control of public affairs, they will probably justify the charges of their enemies by attempts to terminate the war on the only practicable conditions. Their decision may perhaps be accelerated by the establishment of the Mexican Empire, and by the menacing conduct of France; yet the Emperor NAPOLEON has estimated at its true value the bluster of the Northern population. It is now discovered that the Mexicans have a right to dispose of their own destiny, and that it would be premature to interfere with an experiment

which will require some time for its trial. Patriotic writers even argue that the recognition of the South by France would be merely verbal and inoperative. It has been repeatedly asserted that a friendly offer of mediation by England would be regarded as an act of hostility, but France is judged by another standard. There is some colour for the belief that the English Government might have avoided many affronts by assuming, from the beginning of the war, the threatening attitude of the Emperor NAPOLEON, instead of the scrupulous and conscientious neutrality which has tempted the Americans to incessant encroachments. An appeal to the justice or good feeling of a nation represented by SUMNERS is altogether idle; but English Ministers have to consult the convictions of their countrymen, and their policy would have been generally condemned if they had furnished a reasonable pretext for vituperation which it was impossible to avoid. Mr. SUMNER would have been neither more nor less spiteful if the blockade had been disregarded and the Confederacy recognised; but, on the whole, it is better to be calumniated than to be justly accused.

Even if the victory of Chattanooga should commence a series of Confederate successes, the policy of England will be unchanged, unless Northern vanity and animosity should precipitate a war. Whatever injury may have been inflicted on English interests, the Americans of the North are perfectly justified in regarding exclusively the objects which they consider desirable and important to themselves. At the beginning of the war, few Englishmen desired the dissolution of the Union, nor would they have any reason for deprecating its restoration, but for the probability that a Federal triumph would lead to an immediate quarrel with England. If deferred or qualified success abates the unbounded insolence of the North, peaceable bystanders will not be dissatisfied with the wholesome uses of Federal adversity. Mr. SUMNER'S speech will not be repeated in the Senate of the United States until he is once more confident that the resistance of the South is, as he believed a month ago, all but exhausted. It would be a misfortune to the world at large if a powerful nation were permanently impressed with the belief that war conduces to general prosperity, because it has enriched the contractors of New York and the corndealers of Chicago. As the Americans are determined not to profit by the experience of other countries and of past generations, their well-wishers would be contented that they should learn for themselves, and at their own expense, the inevitable lesson which awaits them. It would be costly and troublesome to impress the true doctrine on the Atlantic seaboard and in the Canadian lakes. The mildest philanthropist may endure to see an intoxicated brawler rolling in the gutter or groaning in the uncomfortable moments of reaction. If the animosity of the Federal population subsides without producing any practical consequences, there will be no difficulty in forgiving and forgetting idle and purposeless abuse. For the present, the malignant humour which reached its climax in Mr. SUMNER'S speech shows no symptom of subsiding. It is not improbable that the guides of the people will proceed to show that the defeat of Chattanooga was, in some inconceivable manner, attributable to the perfidy and hostility of England.

#### GUILDHALL PICKINGS.

A DINNER and ball are very pleasant things; but there is a refinement even in dinner-giving, which consists in ordering a *carte*, especially if it is *carte blanche*, for the dinner which your friend gives you. To furnish another person's house with upholstery which you do not pay for, to select a library which is not followed by the inevitable bill, are special luxuries; nay, there are ladies who are said to enjoy the vicarious pleasure of ordering other ladies' bonnets, and selecting the treasures of Waterloo House for the adornment of rival charms. But, at the best, these forms of proxy sumptuousness are rather barren:—

Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,  
When for the dear delight another pays.

But lightest is the dance and sweetest are the lays which you not only enjoy yourself, but get well paid for enjoying. The Corporation of the City of London have contrived to combine all the conceivable gratifications of feasting, and to add an inconceivable and new zest to the experienced pleasures of festivity. The Entertainment Committee—fitly so called, for never were such Sybarites in the invention of strange luxuries—who provided the gala for the Prince and Princess of WALES, deserve the reward which the old Epicurean offered for the invention of a new pleasure. They have had the happiness of being caterers for a most sumptuous banquet, without the prospective horrors of the tradesmen's bills. They

have enjoyed for full six weeks the rare felicity of being besieged and bribed by rank and beauty for tickets; and they have revelled in the dignity of refusing cards, while they have known how to temper austerity with amenity by yielding to soft solicitations. And when the promises became a reality, they ate, they drank, they feasted, they danced, they bowed and smirked, and sported Court-dresses and shoe-buckles, amidst a cloud of congratulations and incense, real as well as metaphorical. All this time, too, they had a secret joy with which strangers might not intermeddle—a joy dear to the souls of some ladies, and to which City tradesmen, it seems, are not superior. They, or some of them, if we are to believe their accusers, meditated a grand but furtive stroke of petty larceny. This was the crowning pleasure of the Guildhall banquet. Some cynics say that there must be an element of sin to ensure perfect and complete enjoyment. Stolen kisses are proverbially the sweetest, and there can be no question as to the rapture of eating pilfered fruit and of pocketing a surreptitious sixpence. It is generally the paltriness of the gain which increases the delight. Many a man would hesitate to sin boldly according to LUTHER'S noble canon of practical ethics, who yet cannot resist a peccadillo. So it would seem to be with the Entertainment Committee. Behind their counters these gentlemen profess—and, we can quite believe, practise—a very fair code of retail shopkeeper's honesty. If they ever send in a paid account, it is of course by accident; and their weights and measures are always found to be unexceptionable when the Inspector's visit is foreseen. But to the temptation to appropriate goods which do not exactly belong to them, when they can find a pretty name for the transaction, they scarcely pretend to be superior. When they ordered the sumptuous fittings for the PRINCESS'S boudoir, and when they exhibited that supercilious disregard for expense with which they provided for the toilettes of the Maids of Honour and the titled dames and demoiselles of fashion, they were perhaps aware that it would be optional with them to appropriate all or most of these little luxuries. This was what we have ventured to call their special luxury in feast-giving. It was the opportunity for the little pilfering and pocketing which was really the civic novelty, and which was, of course, prized accordingly.

Not that the Entertainment Committee plead guilty to the vulgar crime of small larceny. They call the appropriation to their own domestic uses of the waifs and strays of the Corporation Feast perquisites—*souvenirs* of the interesting occasion—and *cadeaux* for the ladies of the Common Council. As of old—

Hoc prætexit nomine culpam.

And they may possibly quote precedent for their practice in conveyancing. It is the custom at many of the City Companies' dinners to hand to every parting guest a box of bonbons and sweetmeats—a practice which the City antiquarians doubtless connect with the trays of luscious nastiness still offered by Orientals to English officials, and which are doubtless as old as the "little balm and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts "and almonds," with which the patriarch propitiated the ruler of the land of Egypt. The Entertainment Committee might also plead that, at very formal and royal banquetings, not only the contents of the dishes, but the dishes themselves out of which Kings and Queens feasted at their Coronation Feast, used to be the perquisites of the noble stewards and carvers, and often became the prey of like untitled spectators in an unseemly and sometimes bloody scramble. We are not aware whether Mr. TRUSCOTT, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, is prepared to adduce these venerable precedents; but we make him a present of the argument. He promises to render a full statement at a full Court of Common Council, and we await his explanation. Two minutes, we should have thought, would have been sufficient for a complete answer to Deputy ELLIOTT'S very explicit charge. Mr. TRUSCOTT and his fellow-committeemen either did or did not crib the fittings. If they did not, Deputy ELLIOTT deserves all the vitriolic rhetoric which injured virtue can secrete; if they did take the goods, they can say why they did it.

At present, Deputy ELLIOTT'S charge is specific and intelligible enough. Of his motives for preferring it we can, of course, know nothing. We should say, however, from internal evidence, that he was not himself on the Entertainment Committee, and it is possible that he may have applied for more tickets than he got. The excitement, both among those members of the Common Council who got something out of the feast and those who got nothing, is said to have been immense. Mr. ELLIOTT was only met by the savoury proverb of the awkwardness of fouling your own nest. But the allusion was rather too appropriate, for it admitted the dirti-



ness of the proceeding; and Mr. ELLIOTT, with a humour beyond that of a Common Councilman, observed that, as a rose could not complain of its sweetness, so perhaps a dirty nest could not suffer from the effort to cleanse it. Certainly the "worthy Deputy's" charge is specific enough. At the banquet certain things were ordered for the use of the PRINCE and PRINCESS, "which it was almost an affront to the "guests to suppose they could use;" and these certain things had disappeared, and, it was supposed, were now decorating the drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and dressing-tables of the Common Councilmen's ladies. We are lost in an unfathomable sea of conjecture as to the affront which the liberality of Mr. TRUSCOTT and his Committee, according to Mr. ELLIOTT, conveyed to the royal and noble guests. We observe that one of the items provided and missing consists of 109*l.* worth of perfumery, and five dozen bottles of Eau de Cologne. With a plain-spoken precision, Mr. ELLIOTT points out that this thoughtful care on the part of the Corporation suggests their apprehension that the Court ladies brought with them an ancient and fish-like odour, or, as he says, an African exhalation, which it required all the perfumes of Arabia to correct. This is not a nice way of putting it, we must tell the indignant and unscented Deputy; and we cannot see that it is a hint to our friends that we think them unclean animals if we provide them with soap and towels, tubs and foot-pans, in their dressing-rooms. It is a refinement in nasty ideas to suppose that to give a lady a hair-brush necessarily implies an offensive imputation. Poor Lord MALMESBURY, when he had to hint to a late Princess of WALES the necessity of cleaning her teeth, did not confine himself to the offer of a tooth-brush. Nor can we quite see, with Mr. ELLIOTT, that 117 tablets of soap were a very excessive outlay on such an occasion. If he had said that the ladies' hands were so white and clean that the very offer of soap conveyed a reflection, then we could have understood his objection; but as there were probably a good many ladies who had access to the Gynæceum at once, we could hardly expect that a single piece of soap should be handed round like a snuff-box after dinner. It would have been quite as pertinent to have put the alleged affront on other grounds, and to have said that the profusion in toilette articles was a hint to the great ladies to abstract what they could not use. And just as it is a standing English jest against the Frenchman that he pockets the sugar, so Deputy ELLIOTT may, after all, have missed his mark, and it may be that the "two patent hair-brushes, 3*l.* 16*s.*" are to be looked for in Belgravia rather than in Homerton or Tooting. But Mr. ELLIOTT seems to anticipate the defence which Mr. TRUSCOTT and his peers will offer. They will doubtless say that the fittings are the perquisites of the Entertainment Committee. They will be able to urge, by way of precedent, that Heralds claim certain state trappings on certain state occasions; that Deans and Chapters claim and take black hangings at royal funerals; that cooks, as a rule, appropriate dripping and kitchen stuff; that housemaids always go shares in the lady's workbox, and that valets claim the joint use of their master's socks and scarfs. Mr. ELLIOTT candidly owns that there is nothing new in the last appropriation act of the Entertainment Committee. It is one of the customs of London, though not contained in the *Liber Albus*; and he proposes to consign the practice to the Black Book. It was by an excess of self-denial that some of the articles and fittings were sold at all. We remember that the tripods displayed on London Bridge were sold by auction, and the newspapers gave a long list of the prices which certain dessert plates used at this very ball fetched at a public sale. But this sublime virtue of selling something was, it seems, after all, but a blind. They gave away the broken meat, but kept the dishes; they sold the plates, but retained "the pair of "Sèvres vases, 3*2*l.*;" they advertised for tenders for dusters and brushes, but gave one of their aldermen an order for 65*0*l.** worth of goods. In a word, Mr. ELLIOTT's complaint is that their honesty was fictitious, and that the only thing solid about the Committee was their self-indulgence. Not that the practice complained of is new—it is only excessive. Every Committee claims *droits* of refreshment; and this particular Committee, having laboured heavily, fed heavily. Having provided liberal meat and drink for the notables, they provided with equal liberality for themselves, inasmuch as in their six weeks' session they spent 200*0*l.** on luncheons, and 150*0*l.** on a farewell dinner—doubtless at Greenwich—to which it was a mistake not to have invited Mr. ELLIOTT and the gentlemen of the press who are so very virtuous on the enormity and profusion of their neighbours' cakes and ale. On the whole, the matter is rather of the nature of a good joke. As to the money spent on the Royal banquet, it is doubtless a case of "Lightly come, lightly go." It is believed*

that the whole affair was paid for by a lucky speculation made by the Corporation in the shares of the Underground Railway. The Corporation has only done what other corporations do in squandering their chance gains in follies and fancies; and Deputy ELLIOTT is a very virtuous and precise gentleman, who stands a good chance of being sent to Coventry.

#### AUTHORESSES.

THIRTY years ago, no one could have believed what a brilliant future was going to open before the eyes of Englishwomen, and what a lucrative and engaging profession was about to be created for their benefit. Authorship has introduced quite a new era in their existence. If they can but write novels, their fortune is made; and if they cannot write novels, they may write tales; or at the very least they can surely write tracts, and advice to the poor, and poetic musings. There are heights in their profession just as there are valleys, and no one can despise authoresses in the days of *Adam Bede* and *Heart's Ease*. The authoress of *Adam Bede* goes, we confess, higher than we should have supposed a woman could go, for she unites many excellences that the world has hitherto thought reserved for men. If there is another woman who has ever shown original humour in print, we cannot recall her to mind. *Romola* also makes it clear that she can enter into spiritual difficulties, and can view the range of spiritual facts with a breadth, a calmness, and an insight that we should, but for her, have considered exclusively masculine. Miss Martineau too, though not very strong on subjects like these, shows that a woman can treat politics and political economy with independence and good sense. In the walks that are more peculiarly their own, authoresses every day show surprising power. They especially set themselves to paint contemporary English life, and they deserve the highest credit for the skill with which they overcome difficulties, and for the ingenuity with which they combine the various elements which an admiring public demands in these works. It takes an infinite number of little efforts of skill to write such books as the *Chronicles of Carlingford*; and in the lower range of feminine fiction—in the works of Mrs. Wood, and Miss Muloch, and the authoress of *Denise*—there go to the making of a saleable, commendable novel merits which show that the composition of a novel is by no means an easy thing. As for mere tales, the quantity produced by women every year is past all calculation; and although fiction of some sort is the general vehicle for the thoughts of authoresses, yet they produce a considerable amount of other matter, and with fair success. Nor is there the slightest sign of this state of things ceasing, or any reason why it should cease. The public that reads the novels written by women, or relishes the publications in which the compositions of women habitually appear, is a public that continually increases. A lively novel by an authoress of name is as good and as certain a piece of property as can be found, and therefore we may consider authorship as a permanent profession for Englishwomen, and it is very well worth examining what are the prospects it really holds out.

Women, like men, write, we suppose, partly for fame and partly for money. Those who really succeed get both. They have the satisfaction of being stared at although they may not be pretty, and of having a real cheque-book with a real balance at a real banker's. Both these things are, in their way, delightful; and in some degree they fall to the lot even of those who do not arrive at any high degree of eminence, but who yet write with some success. In their case, however, the fame is rather of a subjective character. They enjoy the pleasure of being associated with literature, and of having the flutterings of spirit sweep over them which they were accustomed to connect only with the minds of great men. Women take a delight in this literary communion—the permission to exert their intellect, this entrance into the same world as that inhabited by great or successful writers—which men rarely feel; for men have been taught from their cradle that they are men, and find any good fortune very natural and appropriate to them. They are also accustomed, through the education they have received, to understand great works in detail, and they cannot, therefore, look on literature as a great unknown region of glory into which they long to penetrate. Women taste, therefore, a pleasure in authorship which is denied to most men, and this pleasure is tasted by authoresses who only get a short way on the steep path to fame. But the chief inducement to every woman who tries to write is the hope of making money. Men who have looked forward for years to earning their own livelihood, and see before them the countless paths to money-making which modern England presents, can scarcely appreciate the delight with which a woman sets about making money in the only way open to her without abandoning domestic life. So great is the pleasure, and so strong is the inducement to try to make money which the success of authoresses produces, that ladies almost begin to think that writing is a bank which may be drawn on for any purpose. If they do not aspire to gaining thousands of pounds by sensation novels, they still think they will get enough to attain any object on which they have set their minds. There is always something which the active female mind longs to do, but wants money to do. There is a horse to buy, or a charitable institution to prop up, or a school to help, or some pretty thing to acquire or give away. The

road to procuring it lies through writing a tale or a contribution to some periodical, and nothing can be so easy as to do either. Men ought to rejoice sincerely that women now have this opening, and take such free advantage of it. Still, there are some disappointments to be endured by authoresses, and there are some drawbacks to female authorship which deserve to be fairly considered before women set themselves to write; and men need not be suspected of any wish to damp a pretty literary ardour if they point them out.

Clever women may very naturally feel disappointed when they try to write. In society, in the discussion of subjects that have interested them, they have felt on an equality with the men they have talked with. Perhaps they have been conscious that, by some subtle gift of sympathy, some power of appreciation and ministration peculiarly their own, they have drawn out the hidden powers of those male discourses, and lent an aid by which the masculine intellect has been powerfully stimulated. At the very least, a clever woman who has lived with men to whom she has been able to look up has had her standard of taste formed, and cannot bear to accept as tolerable any literature that she does not think her friends would place in a front rank. She grows familiar with the tone and style of the foremost writers and the leading periodicals of the day. Then she tries to write herself; but she finds, not only that she wants experience, which all young writers feel, but that she labours under greater disadvantages than she expected. Many of the things she said, many of the feelings she expressed, seemed clever and good, not only to others but to herself, simply because she was a woman. The flow of social talk is kept up, not only by new things being said, but by old things being said pleasantly, and by those who have new things to say being invited to say them. Women aid in both these ways. They re-echo what they hear, and give it a new life and zest, and they provide ready, enthusiastic, and stimulative listeners. It seems quite natural that women should be enthusiastic, that they should, as it were, riot in the praises of favourite authors, and that they should blame or approve in the lump. No one expects balanced and cold criticism from them, and it is quite true that, after all criticism is over, most things that deserve praise need that this praise should be freely spoken, and this freely-spoken praise rarely comes from the critic. It is not that he does not accord the praise and allow the merits which he secretly recognises; but he does not give out this praise or admiration in the way which brings home the merits of the performance to ordinary men, and something more dashing, impulsive, and unrestrained is wanted that full justice may be done. Women supply exactly what is needed. They pour out their whole souls in loving rapture, and think every decent bit of poetry or prose sublime, beautiful, and thrilling. In society, this, as we have said, has an excellent effect, and prevents the bulk of people getting to talk about literature in that tone of affected indifference which would be their imitation of the calm judgment of the critic. It must also be remembered that even clever women succeed better in conversation when they are pretty, and that their looks always lend a value to their sentiments. But when a clever and pretty woman, delighting in the highest literature, accustomed to stimulate her friendly audiences, and to restore the balance of literary judgment by her captivating enthusiasm, sits down to write, she finds that she is painfully powerless. There is no sex, no sparkling eyes, no flowing hair in print; she has to judge and write as a man. There is no longer any novelty in the pleasant saying of what has been said. She addresses those whom she has not seen, and who cannot see her. If she is enthusiastic and gushing in her criticism, she is merely a bad critic. All her old weapons are useless, and all her old strength seems gone from her. Of course, if she makes fiction her line, she does not suffer from this feeling of weakness. She is using powers which may be in her, but which have had very little to do with any of her social successes or charms. But if she wishes to write as men write, and to criticise, or narrate, or speculate, she then begins to feel how hard it is for her to stand on so low a level as she must be content at first to occupy, when in conversation she has held so much higher a place. She has thought, perhaps, that a little money would be very useful and very easily got, and she is mortified to find how slowly it comes. But it is still more trying to her to discover how very imperfect is the actual merit of what she has written, and to see that, though in her own sphere she was the equal of good writers, in the alien sphere of print she is scarcely the equal of bad writers who have had a little practice.

Then, again, it is often said that men dislike women who write, and women have to take this into consideration. There is some exaggeration, as it seems to us, in this; and men do not really care very much whether women write or not. Still there is, it must be admitted, a sort of faint dislike, not perhaps to women who write, but to women turning authors. To many women this does not apply at all. Married women are, of course, quite out of the range of this vague censure; for when it is said that women are disliked who write, what is really meant is, that men do not consider themselves quite so inclined to fall in love with them as they otherwise might be. Those women, again, who are on the edge of society, from the accidents of their birth or position, have everything to gain by writing, and nothing to lose; for they show their value, and get carried by fame upwards into the bosom of the society which they are probably qualified to adorn. But young ladies in respectable and well-established families have, it appears to us, something to lose by writing. There may be some vulgar prejudice in the feeling which disapproves of their efforts, and it is partly owing to

the lingering notion in men's minds that women ought to be kept down as much as possible. But there is also something legitimate, and therefore not likely to pass away, in the feeling. Young ladies who write and correspond with publishers and writers, and exert themselves as in business to do a little stroke of profit, lose some of that virgin absence of publicity and that engaging helplessness which, as a matter of fact, have attractions for men. All men feel this, and most men, however unprejudiced and sensible they may be, would prefer that the lady to whom they were engaged should not have been an authoress. This is all that can be said, and the very slightest variation of circumstances will at once put an end to the feeling. If the circumstances of the lady are such that she really ought to help herself and others if she can, or if she is no longer in her first engaging youthfulness, or if her abilities are such that all her friends naturally think her under a strong temptation to show her powers, she can only suffer in the judgment of very foolish men should she make an honest penny by publishing. But young ladies who have no particular call to write may reasonably be asked to think twice before they plunge into writing or attempts to write, in order that they may procure some new pleasure or carry out some charitable hobby.

#### QUESTIONS UNANSWERED.

ALMOST every experienced hearer of sermons must have repeatedly had occasion to quote the first line of Juvenal's Satires—*Semper ego auditor tantum?* Am I always to sit still, and never to turn again on my clerical questioner? Must he go on, every Sunday, with the peculiar clinching tone of professional triumph and the characteristically decisive wag of the outstretched forefinger, asking me questions which he obviously considers unanswerable, but which, to my mind, admit of a very easy answer? Probably he must; but though the individual is of course unassailable, and must consider himself triumphant, the genius is open to observations which a poor worm, long trampled upon and having some opportunity of turning again, begs those who tread upon him to take by way of reply to the spiritual cross-examination to which he has for many years been subjected.

On Sunday last, certain travellers might have been perceived sitting under a popular divine, who consumed the usual half-hour in asking all sorts of questions, the general drift of which was—Why don't you listen to me more? Why do not all these considerations, which you have had pressed upon your notice a thousand and a thousand times, produce more effect upon your minds? Why, after hearing it proved to demonstration, week after week for many years, that you are all in a very bad way, do you take it so very quietly, and show as little trace of the spiritual bombardment inflicted on you as Fort Wagner showed of the Federal temporal missiles? After putting his question in many forms, and pausing for a reply upon each repetition, as if he expected the answer which some at least of the human sandbags before him would have been glad to give, the preacher triumphantly came round to the conclusion that it was because his hearers were "spiritually deaf" and spiritually dumb, and that nothing less than such infirmities could account for their conduct; after which the preacher and congregation went home to their dinners, with the certainty, no doubt, of hearing the same questions and answers on the next and many succeeding Sundays. What answers would have been given if the congregation could have said what they had to say, and had been disposed to answer quite openly? The answers would probably have been substantially the same, though given with different degrees of confidence, and in different forms of words. Substantially they would have come to something like this:—We, your hearers, are unaffected by your exhortations, because we do not believe in the principles on which they proceed. We are not, and do not pretend to be, theologians, and have not the opportunity of making such subjects the study of our lives. Indeed, the great majority of us would not be able or inclined to do so if we had the opportunity. Still, in a general way, we believe in religion; and as our belief must have a form, we believe in that form of religion in which we have been brought up, and to which we are accustomed. This belief, however, is only general; that is to say, we have to take upon trust the specific articles of which the whole is made up, though we have an individual conviction, more or less deep according to circumstances, of a few general truths which lie at the root of it, such as the existence of a God and a future life. These general convictions no doubt raise, in the minds of all those who entertain them, a presumption in favour of almost any creed in which they may happen to have been born and bred, and which is not shown affirmatively to be either specifically false or positively injurious. You, the preacher, therefore, are addressing an audience prepossessed in your favour to some extent, and ready to go with you for a certain distance. When, however, you get beyond those generalities of which we are convinced by our own reflections, and proceed to enforce upon us specific doctrines which you state professionally, as a lawyer might tell us about the title to an estate, or a doctor about the symptoms of a disease, we deal with you and your special advice much as we deal with other men who claim to give special advice on the ground of the special knowledge which they profess to have; that is, we form a general estimate of you, and allow to you such a degree of influence over our affairs and conduct as results from that estimate, and no more.

This is the course which we take on all other subjects. For instance, a political economist gives us, the public at large,



advice about a variety of abstruse subjects. He tells us about the fall in the value of gold; he insists—as some of them do—upon some intricate doctrine about the currency; he dwells on the abominations of the old Poor-law and the old law of settlement. Do we put ourselves blindly in his hands? By no means. Do we profess to be able to follow all he says? Certainly not. Do we, then, neglect him? No. Then how do we act? In the first place, we believe in a general way in political economy. We know something of its principles, and we also know that in many instances it has been acted upon with beneficial results. Hence we do not deny our adviser's major. We are ready to go with him a certain way; but as to his specific doctrines, into which we cannot follow him, we form an opinion of the man, and consider whether he appears to know his own business, and whether he seems to be treading on firm ground. It does not require technical knowledge of political economy to see a great difference between Mr. John Mill and Mr. John Ruskin.

Medicine affords perhaps even a better illustration of the way in which we deal with professional opinions. That the human body is subject to various ailments, and that they are capable of being cured or alleviated by treatment, is certain. Whether I, being ill, should take this drug or that is an important question, as to which I have to rely on the technical knowledge of professional men. My ignorance of their art does not prevent me from retaining my own power of judging of their skill. On the contrary, I exercise my judgment with a degree of anxiety proportionate to the importance of the occasion; and there are many men making large incomes, and possessing a high reputation, whose advice would have no effect whatever on a man who had the gift which experience often confers of detecting a quack. If a doctor should come and tell a man apparently healthy that he had a dangerous disease, and that this disease could be cured only by a peculiar regimen of the strictest kind observed with the utmost punctuality, the patient would not of necessity follow the doctor's advice merely because of his superior professional knowledge.

Hence the degree of influence which the clergy can reasonably expect depends, and ought to depend, on the degree of confidence which they can manage to inspire. The great bulk of their congregations would undoubtedly say, if they were asked, and if they could answer, that they have the same general belief in religion as they have in medicine or political economy; but they would go on to say that their conduct is in the main in accordance with these general notions of religion—at all events, that it is not grossly at variance with them. They would probably proceed somewhat as follows:—We believe in a God who commands men to be good, and who will punish them here or hereafter if they are not; and we also believe, in a general way, that these and other matters were set forth on Divine authority in the manner stated in the New Testament. This belief is embodied in the Church services in a way which satisfies us for practical purposes; that is, we are ready to join in the prayers, and our observation of our neighbours and of our own consciences tells us that in the main our conduct is not inconsistent with this belief, such as it is. If you want to make this belief more definite, and to modify this course of conduct, you must win our confidence and convince us that you know more about these things than we do. You fail to do so. You and your class are, on the whole, worthy and extremely useful men. We have a great regard for you. We think you a very valuable part of society, but for many obvious reasons we have hardly any confidence in your claim to know more than we do about this world or the other. We see a good deal of difference between a man who has no religion at all, and a man who has that general indefinite kind of religion which we have independently of you and your sermons; and we feel that that general indefinite religion has exercised very considerable influence over the formation of our own characters, and does exercise considerable influence over our conduct. But when we compare ourselves and people like ourselves with those who have adopted, or profess to have adopted, those more definite views of the subject which you want us to adopt, we see a difference, no doubt, but not one which, on the whole, we admire. Those who follow your advice retain their natural characters. They do not seem to us much better or much worse than they were before. At least the effect upon them is not obvious. It is matter of curious speculation whether or not they are, on the whole, improved. For much that you say we have only your professional word, and we have no implicit confidence in your professional word. The members of your profession are very frequently ill-educated, and are every year coming from a lower class. Your views are obscure and confined, and you seem to us to be afraid to think, even if you knew how. Hence, if your sermons produce little effect, it is not because we are all of us spiritually deaf, but because we do not believe you; at least, we do not believe you enough to act upon your advice. It leaves us very much where it found us. If you are right, you do not know how to convince educated hearers of the fact.

An average congregation would also have another observation to address to its average clergyman on this topic, which he would do well to consider. They would say—In all your sermons you forget one great truth which lies at the bottom of religious morality and of every other great subject that interests mankind. This truth is, that the object of human life is indefinite and unknown, but that all the great subjects in question—religion, morals, politics, &c., are, as far as we can judge, means towards that indefinite object. Moralists, politicians, and the most rational

theologians will all say that happiness is the object of their various systems, and that the production of happiness is the ultimate reason why their rules should be obeyed. When asked what "happiness" means, they reply either by mystical phrases or by the enumeration of a number of particular objects of desire. The more this is considered, the more it will appear that the word represents or is meant to represent a real state of things, which, however, is most imperfectly known. All human conduct implies some object, which you may as well call happiness as anything else, and all rules, moral, political, and religious, are based on the assumption that men will act—and will act with a view right or wrong, well or ill-informed, as it may be—towards that object. Hence all such rules and principles are in their nature partial. They are a set of conditions, limitations, and directions imposed upon life, or supplied for its guidance, but all of them presuppose the existence of human life, and the fact that it will proceed upon certain principles. Life is the substance, and they are the accidents. Life is the road, and they are the gates and hedges. Almost all sermons—those, at least, which complain that the congregation is spiritually deaf—overlook this fact. Preachers of that class always assume that man is made for religion, and not religion for man—that the one great object of human life is to attain a certain state of mind, and that the common affairs of life are, at best, vulgar necessities. Hence they are always indignant against the general course of their hearers' lives, and are constantly assuming that that general course is wrong, and that the main principle is what requires change. They assume this as too plain for proof, and seem to expect that their hearers will not venture to dispute the fact, however much they may dislike it. This, in reality, is just what their hearers do dispute. They do not admit that they are fundamentally wrong; on the contrary, they think that they are fundamentally right, both in practice and in principle, and that it is the exception when they go wrong. They think that the ordinary respectable man is a good man as far as he goes; that he is going on his appointed road—a sufficiently dark and mysterious one, no doubt, but still a road which, on the whole, it is his best course to pursue, and which he does pursue in general, though at times he gets into the ditch. So long as preachers refuse to take it for granted, as a first principle, that human life will remain substantially what it is, and that their business is to keep it up to the mark and not to send it off into the clouds like a skyrocket, they will find their hearers spiritually deaf; and they will have cause to be thankful that, in church and during the sermon, they are, for practical purposes, physically dumb.

#### THE COMPANIONS OF OUR PLEASURES.

THE Englishman, being unsocial almost as a matter of duty, very rarely attaches proper weight to the choice of those with whom he does associate. In business, of course, there is no choice. A doctor does not pick his patients, nor a lawyer his clients, nor a tradesman his customers. Solvency is the single test in these matters, and neither the doctor, the lawyer, nor the shopkeeper, makes any inquiry beyond this. Each of them would prefer to have pleasant persons to deal with, but if they are not to be got, he would still not cross their names out of his ledger or fee-book on that account. But of friends, or acquaintances, or companions, we are able to make a deliberate selection out of a more or less circumscribed assortment, and upon the judgment of the choice depends a great deal more happiness than is generally supposed in a country where, as Novalis said, every man is an island. Few people, if any, either here or in other countries, are so happy as to secure more than one wise and sure friend; and too many never know what it is to have even one. It may be supposed that every married man has at least one such friend, but such a supposition can scarcely exist except in the mind of a guileless celibate with few married acquaintances. A wife is in most cases a sure friend, because, among other reasons, "use doth breed a habit;" but she is not always wise, although a husband scarcely likes to catch himself despising her opinions or silently scouting her counsels. After all, it is only a small and lucky minority who find in their wives anything at all resembling the ideal of friendship. Of course tenderness and love are very excellent things, but many husbands would be delighted if the wives of their bosoms were rather more like old college friends than they are, and if their tenderness were solidified by rather more judgment. We know it is a scandalous heresy, and partakes of the nature of brutishness, or even sacrilege, thus to insinuate a base suspicion that supreme felicity sometimes ceases to bless the British hearth, or that the angel in the house is sometimes a bore. But we may leave this sore and irritating question to those whom it immediately concerns. It will, at all events, be conceded that a man's wife is not the most desirable companion he could have at all times and under every circumstance. Nobody wants to have his wife with him in his chambers or at his counting-house. Yet a man is always thought a basely selfish wretch, at least by the female friends of his wife, if he entertains any thought of enjoying himself out of her society. She readily and properly leaves him to make money after his own fashion, but in the spending of it she would fain be supreme; and at any rate, that it should be spent without her companionship is utterly intolerable. In the main, and in favourable cases, a wife is a sufficiently agreeable companion of her lord's leisure hours, provided she has sense enough to throw the children's boots, and coughs, and teeth off her mind; but there are occasions when a man will get more real enjoyment

for himself, and confer more upon her, if they are allowed to pursue pleasure after their respective tastes.

In travelling, for example, except in the case of newly married couples, a man and his family do not commonly give much mutual satisfaction. Travelling has the most extraordinary effects upon some people. It makes them very fractious; or they become frozen up like a snail in its shell, and answer in vacant monosyllables; or they rise into a state of comfortable and complacent bewilderment; while many foolish persons are seized with an irresistible desire, upon entering a railway carriage, to delude their fellow-passengers, by an assumed air of mysterious importance, into the belief that they are people of consequence. Any weak conduct of this kind—whether in the lady whom you have sworn to love and cherish, or in the gentleman whom you are bound to love, honour, and obey—is calculated to inspire a peculiar sort of disgust essentially hostile to all pleasure. Men fly into undignified rages with the waiter, and women get flustered and helpless. Again, the true Briton has an awkward way of storming furiously about extortionate hotel-bills, and as his spouse often tells him, at the moment when his blood is most up, that she wonders at him, they spend the day in a condition of profound sulk, not by any means contemplated when the tour was planned. Irritation is inseparable from travelling, especially on the Continent, where the language and money are unfamiliar, and it is a dubious advantage to have with you a person upon whom it is a prerogative to expend that irritation. The reason why people persist in a system of the failure of which they are mournfully conscious is probably the same as that which moved John Gilpin:—

How all the world would stare,  
If I should dine at Edmonton,  
And my wife should dine at Ware.

In nine cases out of ten, it is a dire mistake to throw a husband and wife together for a month or six weeks, with nothing to do beyond trying to enjoy themselves, and without abundance of other companionship. The most sensible plan, no doubt, where it is practicable, is that at least two pairs should unite to form one society for travelling purposes. Repugnant as the idea of any sort of companionship out of his own family is to Englishmen at large, the advantages of the plan are becoming every year more widely recognised. It is pleasanter to smoke an after-dinner cigar with a congenial male friend than alone, or with strangers. It is pleasanter to have three or five nice people to talk to over dinner than one, even though that one be your own wife. Again, a man cannot storm very violently about the bill in the presence of his neighbour's wife, and half the consciousness of extortion vanishes in the fact of his neighbour suffering as much as himself. Perhaps the greatest advantage of all is, that, on the one system, a husband is forced to forego many excursions because his wife would either suffer unreasonable fatigue if she accompanied him, or be forced to pass many hours in loneliness if he went without her; while, on the other, distinct modes of enjoyment can be organized for each element of the party. Pleasure trips managed on this principle are seldom failures, provided that ordinary tact and judgment have been employed in inviting companions. Most people have taken part in one or two such excursions in the course of a life, and they generally look back upon them with sentiments of unmixed satisfaction. If men would reflect what a spring to increased exertion, and what a refreshment in the midst of hard and dreary work, the retrospect of one genuinely free and happy holiday always remains, they would be more thoughtful and more original in devising means for making such holidays frequent. And almost everything depends upon those whom we make our companions in them.

But every pleasure-seeker is not married; and if he be, he may have come to an equitable arrangement with his wife that she should go down to Brighton with the children while he may take his pleasure *en garçon* wherever he lists. Yet even here success is far from certain, perhaps even far from common. University men often make quite as great blunders in choosing a travelling companion as Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton. They argue, because a man is an agreeable friend at Oxford, that he cannot develop into anything disagreeable when surrounded by a quite different set of conditions. It requires an amount of experience which a young man at the University has not had time to acquire, to know that agreeable people do not always wear well. Where, as at Oxford and Cambridge, there is not much scope for a very wide divergence between two men who agree in one or both of the two fundamental points of liking hard intellectual work, and of liking or disliking hard physical exertion, companionships are close and abundant. But, in the world, the points of divergence which present themselves are so innumerable, and circumstances so constantly not only tempt but necessitate divergence, that a perfectly satisfactory companion is rarely met with. And this is the real reason why the pleasures of middle age seem so faded and heavy when we remember those of youth. The middle-aged man is burdened with an accumulation of cares, it is true, but the young undergraduate has cares which burden him quite as heavily. Some middle-aged men, too, have had the freshness of life blunted by absorbing cynical fallacies; yet in this respect the young man who has seen nothing of the world is generally far more of a cynic than his father. But when the lad goes in search of pleasure, he is accompanied by a crowd of others who think and feel just as he does. The consciousness of a common aim, with no lurking differences, is more exhilarating than wine or the possession of money. As soon, however, as an opportunity is given for the full expansion of individual

tastes, companionships which depend on the unanimity of youth cannot but fall asunder. This revelation is often made in Long Vacation tours, which found two young graduates firm friends for life and left them something like enemies. Little traits of selfishness peep out which the luxurious facilities of University life had naturally never evoked. An unamiable parsimony, or a spirit of stupid extravagance, or a lack of broad sympathy, may all make their appearance above the surface, and provoke dislike or contempt. In short, the man whom it was very delightful to meet for three or four days, at dinner and over wine in the common-room, may become little less than a nuisance when there are discomforts to be borne, fatigues to be endured, differences of taste to be tolerated, and mutual concessions to be made in determining a route or prolonging a visit. A great many clever and likeable men seem to demand a certain amount of solitude; deprived of which, as they must be more or less when travelling, they become as fractious or as dull as if they had not had enough sleep. Some, again, shine only in a *tête-à-tête*, and, when other friends are present, seem to fall into a strange kind of moodiness, as if neglected or wronged. But the most trying of all companions is one in whom travelling breeds a disposition to disparage and sneer at everything he sees—who persists in looking only at the weak side of foreign institutions and foreign character, and who never loses an opportunity of setting up unfavourable comparisons and vaunting something that is somewhere else. There is something peculiarly provoking in such a temperament, and nothing can be more utterly fatal to enjoyment than to have to visit fine churches, admire great paintings, and gaze upon sublime or beautiful landscapes, in the company of a carping critic of this kind. And it is impossible to take sure precautions against joining a companion who may turn peevish, or moody, or unsympathetic. The changed circumstances among which travel naturally throws him may make him as different as possible from his usual self. When Gray set out to travel with Horace Walpole, he never dreamt that he would have to cut him in a few weeks for surreptitiously opening other people's letters. We never can be quite sure how a man will stand the test of travelling companionship until we have tried him; and, unluckily, the duration and arrangements of life do not allow us to make very many experiments, in case the first one or two should fail.

For different sorts of pleasures it is obviously desirable to choose different companions. One whom we might ask, as Milton asked Lawrence, when the fields are dank and ways are mire, to help waste a sullen day over a neat repast, choice wines, and music, might be a dull companion on a walking tour—just as a young fellow who was the life of a Christmas party in a country house might be dreadfully in the way if you were giving an "aesthetic" dinner to one or two philosophers. No positive or universal rule can be laid down, but it is certainly a mistake to make a walking tour with anybody with whom you are not sufficiently intimate to go two or three miles, if so minded, without speaking a word. Neither is it good to choose a man simply because he possesses great knowledge and a sagacious judgment, for if he has not more than this he will be, to borrow Steele's illustration, like one who has his pockets full of gold, but wants change for ordinary occasions. The best companion, for most purposes and on most occasions, is he who has both the gold and much small change as well. But such men are rare. Perhaps even there is something providential in this, and in the scantiness of real enjoyment which so commonly attends our most deliberately laid schemes for obtaining it. Nearly everybody has a small stock of reminiscences of past delights, of certain days or weeks, jovial and rollicking or placidly delicious, enjoyed with genial men or kindly maidens—times that recur ever and again to the memory, and which we should be glad to live over again. But retrospect, even of pleasures like these, soon begins, after a certain stage of the road has been passed, to have its pains. The halo that surrounds the recollection of the joys of home grows dim when the old father and mother have been laid to rest under the yews. It is terribly dismal to sit in the old room at college, or walk along the same road in some foreign country, in which you sat or along which you walked twenty years ago with glorious fellows now dead, or two thousand miles off, or metamorphosed into prigs and pedants. The pains of memory are a commonplace, but the recollection that past happiness is apt in time to beget pain may soothe people whose attempts at pleasure are generally abortive; while the counter-reflection that, for a very long time, and in some instances for ever, the reminiscences of pleasant holidays with thoroughly congenial companions are among the most serene of human delights may serve to stimulate them to fresh endeavours in the same direction.

#### TREASON IN REPUBLICS.

IT is passing strange that, with all that is going on before their eyes in America, hardly anybody seems to master the text of the American Constitution. We have two instances now lying before us, both in quarters where better information might be looked for—one in an advocate of the North, the other in an advocate of the South—where the commonest attention to the wording of that easily accessible document might have saved some needless speculation and some needless sneers. One of our instances we will soon despatch. The *Spectator*, which advocates the Northern cause decidedly though not blindly, in a rather remarkable article which it devoted a week or two back to the special subject of the American Constitution, speaks of "the principles of democracy and universal suffrage on which the structure



of the Constitution is based." These are taken for granted; it is, we are told, needless to discuss them in any argument on the subject. Perhaps practically it is so, because "democracy and universal suffrage" are now practically taken for granted in all American questions. But it is none the less certain that the Constitution itself is not based upon any such principles. The text of the Constitution in no way pledges the United States to a democratic government, still less to the particular detail of universal suffrage. We have remarked before now that all that the Constitution says on this matter is "that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government," and that "no title of nobility shall be granted," either "by the United States," or, as the next section goes on to provide, by any particular State. These provisions are perfectly consistent with a Venetian oligarchy. The elective franchise is left to be ruled by the several States. The Senators are to be chosen by the Legislature of each State, each State constituting its own Legislature as it pleases. The Representatives are to be chosen "by the people;" but this is directly defined to mean by electors "who shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature." The electors of the President are to be "appointed by the several States, each State appointing in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct." Now all this is not democratic, neither is it aristocratic; the Constitution of the Union is neither one nor the other; it prescribes neither form of republic to any State; it simply accepts as electors in each State those, be they few or many, whom the laws of each State have made electors. As the States happen all to be democratic, they have made the Union democratic also; but the Union in itself is not democratic; it is strictly colourless.

It may be worth while to see how the case really stood when the Constitution was drawn up. Of the thirteen original States there was, in 1787, perhaps none which possessed what is commonly understood by "universal suffrage," while in some of them the qualification for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature was certainly stricter than it is in England. Massachusetts required "a freehold estate within the same town of the annual income of 3*l.*, or any estate of the value of 60*l.*" New York required a freehold of the value of 20*l.*, or a rental of 2*l.* yearly. New Jersey required 50*l.* "proclamation money," clear estate. Maryland required either a freehold of fifty acres, or property worth 30*l.*, combined with a year's residence. Virginia required a freehold. South Carolina had several alternative qualifications—a freehold of fifty acres, "a town lot," or the payment of a tax equal to a tax on fifty acres. To this was to be added the acknowledgment of the being of a God, and of a future state of rewards and punishments. The members themselves of both Houses, it should be added, were to be "of the Protestant religion;" the standard of orthodoxy being stricter for them than for their constituents, among whom not only Papists, but Jews and Mahometans, were clearly admissible. In none of these States, then, was there anything like universal suffrage. To this day, Rhode Island and the Carolinas retain a property qualification, and New Hampshire and Massachusetts require reading and writing. Altogether, of the thirteen States, nine required a property qualification of some kind. What has made universal suffrage the rule is nothing in the Federal Constitution itself, but the changes in several of the older State Constitutions, and the admission of so many new States with Constitutions far more democratic than the older ones.

But almost stranger than this error from one side is a sneer which comes from the other. The *Times*, in discussing President Lincoln's suspension of the Habeas Corpus, says, "We admit that the United States Government is justified in using the same weapons against treason—whatever that may mean in a Federal democracy—which would be legitimate under a monarchy." As to the suspension of the writ, we will stop only to express our amazement, first, that the original Constitution, while evidently implying that the writ might, under some circumstances, be rightly suspended, did not directly say who should, under such circumstances, have the power to suspend it; and, secondly, that the Confederate Constitution should have reproduced so vague a provision without change. Comparing the clause with what goes before and after, we have little doubt that the power is meant to be vested in Congress; but the case is not so clear that a clever lawyer might not find something to say on the other side. What we want to dwell upon are the parenthetic words which we have put in italics. It is proverbially hard to refute a sneer; that is, it is hard to get rid of its effect; but it is very easy indeed to answer the question which the *Times* professes to put. The Constitutions of two Federal democracies are before us to solve the difficulty:—

Treason against the United [Confederate] States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.

The citizen of New York who gives "aid and comfort" to President Davis and his armies, and the citizen of South Carolina who gives "aid and comfort" to President Lincoln and his armies, is guilty of treason against the Federal democracy to which he belongs. As soon as we know exactly what "comfort" means, the thing is as plain as can be, and we do not think that the difficulty of the *Times* was a difficulty as to the meaning of the word "comfort." But some acts which in a monarchy are treasonable are excluded from the definition. To kill the Chief of the State is clearly, by its provisions, simply an ordinary murder; but in a monarchy it is treated as something more than

murder. The definition in both Constitutions divests treason of the character of a crime against a person, and makes it directly a crime against the commonwealth. In some respects this definition has the advantage over ours. There have often been acts clearly treasonable in intention, which it has required a good deal of legal straining to bring within the letter of our law. The legal construction of "compassing the king's death" has often been made to take in cases which could be brought under the clause only by a non-natural sense, but where there was distinctly a levying of war against the commonwealth. Any armed resistance to authority would clearly come under the latter head, while it often requires a good deal of twisting to prove such resistance to be levying of war against the king. But, however this may be, there are two Federal democracies ready with an answer to the question what treason may be under a government of that kind.

This unlucky sneer is remarkable in two ways. First of all, it shows how far some writers can presume upon the ignorance and prejudice of their readers. Not one man in a thousand who read the sentence would see that the sneer, so far as it told at all, told just as much against the Southern as against the Northern "Federal democracy." Perhaps ninety-nine men out of a hundred would stare and be puzzled if they were told that the Confederate States are just as much a "Federal democracy" as the United States. Yet, with Constitutions identical in every principle and in most details, whatever one is the other is. If the *Times* chooses to contrast President Lincoln, who has suspended the Habeas Corpus, with President Davis, who has not suspended it, the contrast would be perfectly just. To extol one Federal democracy at the expense of another Federal democracy may be as just as to extol one kingdom at the expense of another kingdom. It may be perfectly true to say that in one such democracy the laws are justly and wisely administered, while the administration of another is unjust and foolish. But either arguments or sneers against the form of government common to the two countries tell against one as much as against the other. Very likely the writer knew this as well as we do. But he justly assumed that the sneer would serve his purpose, because the mass of his readers would not know it. The sneer at "Federal democracy" would pass as a grand hit at the North, without a thought that it was equally telling against the South. Only a solitary thinker here and there would dream of applying the words "Federal democracy" to the Confederate States. So the thing pays. A sensible Confederate would pocket the theoretic insult, and accept the practical compliment. The words cut at both; the spirit cuts at one only. That the insinuation is equally worthless against either government makes no practical difference.

But why is it that such a fallacy tells? Partly, of course, because "Federal" has vulgarly got the sense of "Yankee;" and though, in this passage, it cannot, if it is to have any possible meaning, be taken in that sense, yet the ambiguity is one which would go down with the great mass of people. But this is by no means the root of the matter. The words "Federal" and "democracy" are just now unpopular; and they therefore tell as expressions of contempt. Nobody stops to think whether the remark would apply only to Federal democracies, and not equally to Federal aristocracies or Consolidated democracies. Many people have got to think that "Federal" and "democratic" mean the same thing, or rather they use both sort of words, without any particular meaning, vaguely to express something which they do not like. Many people would have great difficulty in understanding that a democracy need not be Federal, and that a Federation need not be democratic. Such people sympathise with the Confederates, not on any reasonable ground, but because they have a vague dislike to Yankees, and because the Confederates are fighting against Yankees. If one examined such people, one would find that their difficulty is not to understand what treason may be in a Federal democracy, but to understand that treason is possible in a republic of any kind. We have before now seen people stand aghast at hearing the doings of President Buonaparte in 1851 spoken of as "rebellion" and "conspiracy." In their eyes he was already the sovereign, and the rebels and conspirators were those who stood in his way. Now if President Lincoln were openly to make himself tyrant, as President Buonaparte did, such people would cry out at it, simply because it was President Lincoln who did it. But if President Davis did the like, they would think it all right and proper; it would not occur to them that the Constitution of the Confederate States was a thing to which any obedience or loyalty could be owing. With such people, loyalty is a blind attachment to a personal governor, not a conscientious conviction of the duty of obedience to all lawful government. Loyalty to a republic, loyalty to anything but a personal king, is an idea which many people cannot enter into. Yet the natural meaning of the word looks the other way. Loyalty, according to its etymology, is surely obedience to law in any form. But again, with many people, it is very difficult to make them understand the duty of obedience to law as law. They understand respect and obedience to any personal ruler, from a king downwards; but they do not understand the two grand conceptions of Greek political thought, the State and the Law—*πολις* and *νόμος*. Very few people indeed have a distinct feeling of their duty to obey the law as the law. Few thoroughly recognise that it is a wrong act to do what the law forbids, quite irrespective of consequences, quite irrespective of regard to any personal authority. Now a republic is the highest embodiment of the sentiment of law. It is because, in most men, the sentiment of law is weak that so many republics have failed. They have required the existence of a more virtuous

community than actually existed. This proves nothing against monarchies. It shows that monarchy has its root in human weakness, but, as all government has its root in human weakness, this is in no way discreditable to monarchy. Treason against a republic is really easier to define in a written constitution than treason against a monarchy. But, with men's minds in the state in which most men's minds are, it is not easy to make them understand that treason against a republic is treason at all. Wherever men's minds are in that state, there is a practical advantage in favour of monarchy. Here, as everywhere else, an impartial thinker will come round to the old and safe conclusion that no form of government is good or bad in itself, but that all may be good or bad according to circumstances. The difficulty which so many people have in conceiving treason against a republic of any sort is a phenomenon worthy of some little thought. But the supposed special difficulty of treason against a Federal democracy is purely imaginary. Or, more truly, it is a conscious fallacy, put forth to tell with those who cannot see that whatever force it has bears against their friends no less than against their enemies.

#### FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE death of Frederick Faber, the other day, was an event that awoke many a kindly regret. To those who remember Oxford in perhaps its palmiest time, some five-and-twenty years ago, the names of "Monsignor Manning, Dr. Newman, Canon Oakeley, Canon Morris, William Lockhart, William Macmullen, Father Bowden," &c., standing round Faber's grave, have a meaning which cannot easily be put into words, and on which the *Tablet's* gaudy account of the funeral jars very inharmoniously. To them all these names are as those of dead friends; or rather, there are many who wander desolately through them as over a desert of unfulfilled promise, blighted powers, and wasted life. We should have preferred to see the first of the more remarkable great converts who has died in England (for Wilberforce's untimely death happened abroad) laid in his grave with as much silence as was possible. It is a matter of taste, no doubt, but we could well have spared the epitaphium which one of the number has been pleased to write on the occasion—a sort of semi-canonization of its object which goes out of its way to challenge criticism. To its author, the life of Frederick Faber seems something like a superhuman marvel. To us, it seems as natural and explicable as if the owner of it had been plain William Smith.

Frederick William Faber was born in 1814, and was son of the solicitor to the Bishop of Durham, and nephew of the Rev. G. Stanley Faber, a famous Protestant controversialist in his day. A youth spent among the decaying glories of the Prince-palatinate, and the genial but somewhat pompous and very well paid defenders of orthodoxy, largely coloured, at all events, his earlier character, and perhaps the latter element contributed not a little to his subsequent developments also. His school was Harrow, and he went to Balliol with a good deal both of the brilliancy and the "flashiness" which then distinguished Harrow. From Balliol he obtained a scholarship at University, and he was the first of a rather numerous migration of Balliol men who raised what was then an undistinguished college of hard-living Yorkshiremen to the position it has now held for several years. Young Faber was, as we have said, much more brilliant than solid in his acquirements. One of his fellow converts, characteristically enough, used to say of him at the time, "no bottom, no bottom." He was handsome, with a feminine sort of handsomeness, affected in manner, and a diligent tuft-hunter; but he was amiable withal, and a man of real refinement of mind—gracious and condescending perhaps a little over-much. In short, he was just the person to be the idol of half-a-dozen admirers, and the victim of twice as many tormentors. Unfortunately, he was not of an entirely philosophical temperament under contradiction, and he was unusually sensitive to "chaff;" and as these wholesome medicines are generally administered by Young Oxford in rather unmerciful doses, it is needless to say that his undergraduateship was not a great success. In due time he obtained a "second," and in the same year gained the Newdigate with a poem on "the Knights of St. John," which was, perhaps, the event that first extended his ecclesiastical sympathies beyond the familiar horizon of "Church and State" as surveyed from Durham. Lines like the following—

Nor doubt that true devotion still might be  
Bright through the mists of fond idolatry;  
Go, seek some chancel when the moonbeams throw  
Their cold chaste radiance on the tombs below,  
Where the young novice her lone vigil keeps,  
And o'er some sacred relic prays and weeps;  
Go, mark her heaving breast, her streaming eyes,  
Upraised in speechless fervour to the skies,  
And read that love, which words cannot express,  
In the pale depth of their blue silentness.

show a curious mixture of the old orthodox "idolatry" talk with the budding fervours of the coming belief, besides being a very model of Oxford prize-poetry—just the thing for "the ladies in blue" and "the ladies in pink" who receive annual glorification there. We have always taken "Fred. Faber's" poem to be the *ne plus ultra* of Sheldonian versification, and himself to be the model Oxford prize-poet.

In due time, Frederick Faber became Fellow of University; then private tutor (vulgarly called "Coach") for some time; then College tutor. Still he was not a success, in any sort. His position made the condescending attitude more graceful, and he was just

the man to adorn it. His parties were singularly agreeable, and his conversation very fascinating, at all events for a day or two; but the conversation had an unhappy knack of revolving continually round the axis of himself and his doings. His memory was so imaginative that people used to amuse themselves with the ever-varying versions of the same long-vacation story, and ungodly undergraduates occasionally whispered "gammon" as they came away. The tutoring, also, was not of the most effective sort. It was a common joke that everybody went through a "breakfasting" term, a "coaching" term, and a "cutting" term. This last was an unsavoury commentary, and was not redeemed by the glimpses to which the pupils had been admitted of stained-glass newly imported into the old College windows, and the scout's-hole metamorphosed into an oratory—to the great perturbation of that legitimate functionary. It was remarked also that his attendance in chapel was by no means so exemplary as his sonnet to that place of worship seemed to indicate. Altogether, there was a sort of refined self-indulgence about him of which Oxford is singularly intolerant. Meanwhile, the ecclesiastical element was fast growing into the final shape which it took in him. *Occulto vehit urbor arvo*, we quite believe that the process went on; he was entirely unconscious of the growth of the new belief. He preached ladylike sermons, and wrote loves of tracts about "the ancient things of the Church of England," abused Rome in the most picturesque English, and prayed with unfeigned—if, perhaps, stilted—gravity, "May God have mercy upon her."

In the same year (1840) which saw the birth of his second volume of tracts, came out "The Cherwell Water-lily and other Poems," a now forgotten volume, but full of the Faberian characteristics from end to end. It was very ecclesiastical, very imaginative, very unreal, very full of dedications to Lord John Manners, George Smythe, Roundell Palmer, and notabilities in general, not invariably grammatical, and not unfrequently very silly. Of the latter sort take a specimen or two. Here is a description of "three happy days":—

We talked about the early Church—  
Her martyrs keen and bold,  
And what perchance might now befall  
The same dear Church, grown old.  
We went into each other's heart,  
And rifled all the treasure  
That books and thinking had laid up  
In academic leisure.  
We pulled each other's hair about,  
Peeped in each other's eyes,  
And spoke the first light silly words  
That to our lips did rise.  
A pair of little brothers so  
In thoughtless play might lie—  
Yet could they not less thoughtful be,  
Dear Friend! than you and I.

This latter is evident enough. Then we have a bit of long-vacation love-making, *à propos* of a certain "grave and solemn wren" with his nest in the distance and his family twittering about him in all directions:—

I will not blame thee, Friar Wren,  
Because among stout-hearted men  
Some truant monks there be.  
And, if you could their names collect,  
I rather more than half suspect  
That I should not be free.  
Erewhile I dreamed of cloistered cells,  
Of gloomy courts and matin bells  
And painted windows rare,  
But common life's less real gleams  
Shone warm on my monastic dreams  
And melted them to air.  
My captive heart is altered now;  
And, had I but one little bough  
Of thy green alder-tree,  
I would not live too long alone,  
Or languish there for want of one  
To share the nest with me.

Who the intended Jenny Wren was, we know not; but, however muddling the verses, we are inclined to think that the resolution implied in them was about the most sensible that their author ever took in his life. And therefore, of course, it came to nothing.

The opportunity for carrying the un-monastic resolution into effect offered itself soon enough. At an unusually early age he fell in for a College living of fair value, with the advantage (for such it sometimes is) of a tumble-down parsonage, a rich predecessor, and therefore a good round sum in the shape of dilapidations. Unluckily, "Young England" was in the ascendant with him for the moment. Instead of rehabilitating the "nest," he gratified his tastes by constructing a very grand chancel, and turning his gardens into an æsthetic promenade for the unappreciating parishioners. The Continental Sunday was his hobby for the hour, and orthodox people used to be scandalized by stories of Sunday evening cricket-matches among the young fen-boys in the Rectory grounds. He had already (in 1842) become familiar with the *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches* which now lie embalmed in an octavo, and the long-vacation tour in which he gathered them probably determined his course for life. In 1845 he resigned his living, and carried off with him a dozen or so of his parishioners, including certain chorister-boys whose parents made some unpleasant references to the Fifth Commandment; and a correspondence ensued between Mr. Faber and Sir G. Robinson, a neighbour, in which people thought the convert came off, *longo intervallo*, second best. We are inclined to think that he was right in his determination,



however little he once thought so, and notwithstanding the prediction of a voluminous prebendary of Durham—the same worthy divine who set off one day, with his wife and family, on the sage errand of converting the Pope—that “this young man was specially raised up by Providence to counteract the Tractarian heresy,” he was a born Romanist *ab initio*, and had hitherto only been eluding his destiny. His elegance of mind, his inconsequent logic, his amiability, his powers of fascination, his brilliancy, and his unreality were just the qualities for an effective convert. The well-known writer of his euthanasia in last week's *Tablet* speaks of his kindness of temper as “one of the few of his pre-Catholic qualities which survived his conversion.” We apprehend that “F. O.” is entirely wrong here. We take him to be far nearer the truth when he says (with no particular regard for consistency), a line or two further on, “The Church was plainly meant to be his ‘element;’ he never breathed freely till he gained it, and never drew a hard breath afterwards.” That he was very successful as leader of the Oratorians of Brompton we quite believe. He was just the man for the place. In all the non-masculine virtues he was admirably calculated to shine. The same peculiarities which made him unpopular with the healthy undergraduate world at Oxford, beyond a small and rather “spoony” set, made him an invaluable decoy-duck. Even the weakness for attracting (some people called it kidnapping) school-boys was turned to its use, as a recent and unpleasant instance has shown the unadmiring world. Everything that was a mistake in his original communion became, in his new one, the embryo of a certain sort of sanctity. We no more doubt than we wonder that his career at the Oratory has been, as his biographer asserts, one of unbroken success.

And here we say, very sincerely, *requiescat in pace*. If we have seemed to unveil the littlenesses of Frederick Faber with an ungracious hand, we can only say that the semi-canonization which his friends have inflicted on him made it necessary to show that they were the littlenesses of an average, not of a great, man. He was not a hero. He had not in him the makings of a saint, in any but a very recondite sense. The older and more wary members of his adopted Church evidently have their misgivings about it. “F. O.” finds it necessary to defend him against certain awkward but apparently inveterate “misunderstandings” on the part of his new allies. His “peculiarities” are not to be taken for “imperfections” in this particular case, however queer they might appear in the case of anybody else. Father Faber was “isolated from the rest of the clergy;” but then, “is it not that we were, some of us, inclined to envy the Oratory its almost exclusive possession of such a treasure?” There was a certain “freedom of speech,” again, about him which people in general were “inclined to characterize as flippancy.” They were mistaken; the sallies and *bon-mots* that occasionally startled the brotherhood were only “the disguises of a sanctity which was ever shrinking from observation.” We have heard, as probably “F. O.” has also in his unconverted days, of a country clergyman who was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at the “breakfast” of a funeral, and was gravely told in explanation—“Bless you, Sir, they're not laughing, they're only dissembling their grief;” but we never expected to see the apology put forth, *au grand sérieux*, on behalf of sanctity in masquerade. And when we read, immediately afterwards, that “no hypocrite ever simulated virtue more successfully than he dissembled it,” one is plunged into an uncomfortable sort of arithmetic as to the extent of the “peculiarities” which so plenary a defence is intended to cover. Either “F. O.” has mislaid his Plato of late, and has forgotten that *εὐπρωία* has its limits, or in some moment of hallucination he has been imagining that he is assisting at a real canonization, in which, by some unlucky turn of the Papal lottery-wheel, he has drawn the unenviable rôle of *advocatus diaboli* in the solemnity.

We, looking at Father Faber from a very different point of view—a sublimity and commonplace one, no doubt—can give him a much more genial and, we venture to say, a much truer appreciation. He was not at all the man for bluff, outspoken, “chaity,” and ungammonable undergraduate Oxford; but he was entirely the man for pretty little chorister-boys, feminine or semi-feminine confessions, and the imaginative or imaginary Paradise with which he eventually surrounded himself. He was very amiable; he was decidedly ornamental; he had a world of good qualities about him, if he would only have let them alone. A hundred years ago he would have been John Wesley's right-hand man; any day he might have made his fortune as a pocket-handkerchief preacher at a proprietary chapel; but if Cardinal Wiseman ever said (as it has been reported) that he would gladly give back to the Anglicans all his converts save one, we very gravely doubt whether Father Faber was the exception.

#### PAROCHIAL AND PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

IT requires some philosophy to reconcile a man to the inconveniences of local self-government. Its first aspect is in no way prepossessing. Neither the machinery through which it works, nor the immediate results which it produces, will bear too close an inspection. The people who are most conspicuous in the conflicts of local politics, and who take a lead at the boards and vestries by which parochial affairs are managed, are not people of whom you would desire to see much in any other relation of life. Village Hampdens are, in practice, fussy, greasy sort of people, very narrow-minded, very fond of jobbing, and endowed with a preternatural thickness of cuticle in order to enable them to

endure patiently the mortifications incident to a life passed in parochial contested elections. Nor are the events unworthy of the machinery which produces them. We in London are sufficiently familiar with the effects of local self-government as displayed in the operations of the great parish vestries; and the difficulty of providing for a decent administration of the Poor-law in London, without sweeping away the existing Boards of Guardians, is one of the most puzzling problems of the day. And the state of things throughout the country districts which made the Highways Act an imperious necessity might have seemed at first sight, to a superficial observer, to furnish an absolute condemnation of local management.

The proper answer to such objections, drawn from a suffering experience, of course is that the system is salutary to the governors, if it is not to the governed. It is the machinery in this case, and not the raw material, that benefits by the process of manufacture. The poor, and the roads, and the public improvements, may very possibly suffer; but the farmer and tradesman class are receiving an invaluable education in political science. Yet such reflections, though very philosophical, do not convey much real consolation. When your wheels are stuck fast in the Slough of Despond of some rural lane, or a spasmodic attempt at road-mending has precipitated you into a wet ditch, it is but cold comfort to be told that you are contributing to the education of the farmers to whose blunders your unpleasant situation is owing. If there were no other consolation for the shortcomings of local self-government than this philosophical theory, it would not have maintained its ground so long. The real comfort is, that other systems do not in reality work better. We have ample opportunity of studying both sides; for every one who goes to France may see the opposite plan carried out by a people who are famous for their organizing genius. At first sight the comparison seems to be all in favour of centralization. Few visitors to Paris who take an interest in the improvement of London but have been tempted to wish, at least for a few years, for a Prefect of the Thames. Nor is the advantage confined only to the capital. The contrast between the public works of an ordinary French commune and those of an average English parish is almost as unfavourable to us as the contrast between Paris and London. The centralizing principle is carried to its utmost point. The local authorities, directly or indirectly, are nominated from Paris, and the powers they enjoy are unbounded. Making a new road in England is a very formidable matter. It can only be authorized by a special Act of the Legislature. Surveys must be made, plans must be deposited, heavy fees must be paid, expensive counsel and still more expensive attorneys must be employed, before the requisite powers can be obtained to make even the most necessary road. It costs 400*l.* to pass the smallest Private Bill, even if every one concerned is agreed. If there is the slightest opposition, the expense may amount to almost any conceivable sum. This ingenious arrangement for the discouragement of public improvements is, it is needless to say, absolutely confined to ourselves. The French rush vehemently into the opposite extreme. Their mode of proceeding has at least the merit of simplicity. A stroke of the Préfet's pen does in a few moments all the tedious work of committees, and counsel, and solicitors. By a law passed under the liberal régime of Louis-Philippe, a simple decree of the Préfet transfers any property which is wanted for a road from the possession of the owner to that of the local authority. The question of compensation is settled afterwards at leisure; but in the meantime the road is made. As far as the public is concerned, the result of the law has been, that France has been rapidly covered with a network of excellent roads, thoroughly well made, and not wasting the traveller's time by needless sinuosities. Whether its working has been equally satisfactory to the owners is quite another question.

On the first blush of the matter, efficiency certainly does seem to be the result of centering power in the hands of individual officers responsible only to the Executive. But the plan has its drawbacks—drawbacks so serious as to reconcile an Englishman to the inconveniences of being governed by squabbling juntas of shopkeepers and tenant farmers. Single managers are more prompt and more intelligent in their management than boards, especially when the board consists of half-educated men. But they are more accessible to personal motives. They do not job, perhaps, so much as a board, for of course ten persons have many times more poor relations than one. But they are ambitious to make themselves a name; and they are fearfully liable to the disease of a fixed idea. An illustration on a small scale of the damage which these weaknesses may cause to the inhabitants of a district, furnished by one of the inundations which have recently taken place in France, chanced to fall under our observation. It was at a little seaport town in the North-west, which was very liable to floods, as it lay at the mouth of a long deep valley, which received the drainage of a large hilly tract of country. About fourteen years ago the town was visited with an inundation so formidable and so sudden that several of the inhabitants were only able to save themselves from drowning by breaking through the roofs of their houses. Such extreme calamities did not frequently occur; but floods of considerable force were annual visitors to the town, and scarcely a winter passed without considerable damage. Such a state of things was a crucial test of the efficiency of the local authorities. Even with all our cumbrous Private Bill machinery, no English fishing-town would have been allowed to remain in so helpless and perilous a

condition. However, it was allowed to go on in this French town from year to year, without any effort being made, by a proper system of drainage, to give security to the inhabitants. At last, when M. De Persigny was appointed to the Ministry of the Interior, great hopes were raised. He was known to take a special interest in local improvements, and he was all-powerful. The poor people began to flatter themselves that they might soon pass their winters without the fear of seeing their streets turned into deep and rapid streams, or their kitchens into reservoirs of mud and water. A brand new Maire, restless and energetic, was appointed from Paris, filled with Imperial views of the all-embracing, all-pervading duties of a Government; and the inhabitants, well-used to a paternal rule, looked for a reign of beneficent vigour. Unluckily, just at this time the fishing town, which was singularly picturesque, had begun to attract the attention of a few sea-bathers. With a little encouragement it seemed likely enough that a rill from the stream of autumnal idlers might be turned into that direction, and that the little fishing village might become a fashionable watering-place. If such a blessed consummation could be attained, it was obvious that the Maire's dignity would rise in proportion. As chief of a sea-bathing place, to which all the great people of Paris should resort, he would shine with a splendour that would utterly eclipse the maires of other fishing towns. He would become a man of importance, and might even hope to rise to be a *sous-préfet*. The money at his disposal was, of course, limited. His choice lay between applying it to such a system of drainage as should secure the houses of the inhabitants during the winter, and laying it out in embellishments which should make the place attractive to summer visitors. Here was the alternative which brought out the difference between the active official who has his own career to make, and the less enterprising local Board who have no other interests to attend to except those of the inhabitants of the place. The local Board would have concerned itself, in the first instance, with procuring safety for life and property. The Maire knew that the summer visitors would know nothing of the results of the winter floods, and that he might neglect the interest of the poor with safety. Accordingly, the drainage was indefinitely deferred, and the fishing town was converted into a very pretty little watering-place. He did not even stop here. In order to save the houses as much as possible, they had been built, in the case of several streets, at a height somewhat above the roadway, so as to escape the ravages of any flood of moderate dimensions. But these low hollow roadways did not seem to the Maire to be likely to be attractive to his summer visitors. In spite of the remonstrances of the inhabitants, the roadways were raised till they were above the level of the houses.

The result of these judicious arrangements was easily foreseen by the inhabitants, and was not long in forcing itself in a substantial form upon the attention of the Maire. The rains of last month brought it perhaps rather earlier than he had looked for. The flood came down suddenly one night, and the next morning at daybreak the most exposed streets presented the appearance of a swollen Highland burn. In some parts of the town the water, rushing along all the while with a fearful force, was seven or eight feet in depth. The destruction of such property as there was to destroy was, of course, enormous. Numbers of poor people, living, after the fashion of the French peasantry, in great part on the produce of a strip of freehold land, and having just stored their harvest in their cottages, lost in that one night their whole year's sustenance, and everything they had besides. The sight of the wreck that remained when the water had run down, and of the groups of wretched-looking people watching all that was left of their homes, and cursing M. le Maire with a thoroughly French vigour of execration, had at least a tendency to send an English spectator back with feelings of greater charity towards parish politics, and the coarse and fussy personages who form the ornaments of a vestry and a board-room.

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA.

THE secrecy with which the designs of the Confederate Government have been kept, both as regards their conception and their execution, is among the most noticeable features in the history of the present war with the Northern States. That armies numbering many thousands of men, and collected from distances several hundred miles apart and from positions watched by the enemy's pickets, should be concentrated at the decisive point of attack, without the knowledge of the enemy, at the precise moment when most required, evinces the presence of a sagacious and comprehensive mind in the ruler, while it shows zeal and powers of organization on the part of the executive, and loyalty on that of the population. The Confederate Government and people have given an example of all these qualities in the recent combination of forces to repel the advance into Georgia of the Federals under General Rosencranz. From Mississippi (both from the neighbourhood of Memphis and of Vicksburg), from Mobile, and from Virginia, have the troops been collected which have apparently turned the fortune of the campaign in Tennessee.

To appreciate the tactics of the two armies in the recent battles of the 19th and 20th September, it is necessary to have some previous knowledge of their movements. For some months General Rosencranz has been engaged in the difficult operation of conducting his forces through a mountainous and woody region, where the infrequent tracks sufficient for the wants of a thinly populated country were totally un-

fitted for the traffic of the *matériel* of a vast army. In addition to the opposition of the retreating enemy, the natural difficulties of the country had to be overcome—forests to be cleared, roads constructed, and bridges built; and it was not until the beginning of September that his main body reached the right bank of the Tennessee River. Here it was supposed that the Confederates under General Bragg would make a stand. It was said that important works had been constructed, and the appearance of forts on the left bank prevented any attempt at crossing the river directly in front of Chattanooga. The main army of General Rosencranz is divided into three corps, commanded respectively by Generals Crittenden, M'Cook, and Thomas. The first, viz. that of Crittenden, with two divisions of the corps of General Thomas, was ordered to threaten Chattanooga in front; for which purpose General Waggoner—of General Wood's division of Crittenden's corps—was directed with a moveable column to appear at several points, and to attract the attention of Bragg by demonstrations at various places on the river opposite to and above Chattanooga. It was his artillery that shelled the town. In the meantime, three divisions of General M'Cook's corps and two of Thomas's were ordered to cross the river at some distance below Chattanooga, and thus to turn the left flank and threaten the communications of the Confederate army. The passage was effected, with little or no opposition, on the 2nd and 3rd of September; and, on the 7th of the same month, the divisions crossed a ridge of hills called Lookout Mountains, at about 10 miles from Trenton, a small village 8 miles south of the Tennessee. Finding his left flank turned, General Bragg resolved to abandon the position of Chattanooga, and on the same day—viz. the 7th—evacuated the town, having previously removed all his artillery, and abandoning but few stores. On the 9th, General Wood's division entered Chattanooga, one hour after the Confederate cavalry under General Pegram, which were engaged in covering the retreat, had marched out. The Confederates retreated about 20 miles to a small village named Lafayette, on the road to Rome, opposite which point the Federal troops marching across Lookout Mountains soon afterwards arrived. General Waggoner was left in command of the garrison of Chattanooga, and two divisions of General Crittenden's corps—viz. Van Cleve's and Palmer's—marching at once through and beyond the town, arrived at Rossville, on the Chattanooga and Lafayette road. On the 10th, the position of the Federal army was as follows:—General M'Cook's corps was opposite Lafayette, near Chicamauga Creek, a small stream which runs between Lookout Mountain and Pigeon Mountain; General Thomas occupied a more advanced position on the Lafayette road; and General Crittenden formed the reserve, in the left rear of the other two corps.

Before considering the position of the Confederates, a slight sketch of the country around Chattanooga will not be out of place. The long ridge of mountains, or rather mountainous country, which traverses Pennsylvania under the name of the Alleghanies, and divides Eastern and Western Virginia under that of the Blue Ridge, appears to terminate in the vicinity of Chattanooga, throwing out in a south-easterly direction various spurs, between which run creeks or streams, tributaries of the Tennessee River. In one of these valleys, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, on the left bank of the Tennessee River, stands the town of Chattanooga, important not only as commanding a navigable river, but also as forming the point of junction of the railway which intersects the north-western portion of the Southern States with that from the seaboard branching off at Atlanta in Georgia. In addition to these railways, two roads connect Chattanooga with Atlanta, a town distant from Chattanooga about 120 miles. The first road passes through the villages of Rossville and Lafayette, and leads directly to Rome; the second traverses the village of Dalton, and follows the track of the Chattanooga and Atlanta railway directly to Atlanta. A second road communicates with the village of Lafayette from Bridgeport on the Tennessee, through the village of Trenton, situated about 16 miles from Chattanooga. The distance of Lafayette from Chattanooga is about 25 miles. Between Lafayette and Chattanooga are the Lookout Mountains, with another range called Mission Ridge, and also the Chicamauga Creek already mentioned. Between Lafayette and Trenton is the ridge of the Pigeon Mountains, through which certain gaps or passes furnish a passage for troops. The mountains are thickly clothed with forest, whilst the flatter country on the banks of the streams is covered with brushwood. It was in the vicinity of Lafayette that the Confederates concentrated their forces after the retreat from Chattanooga. They occupied the passes in Pigeon Mountains, and awaited the reinforcements which poured in from other quarters where the danger was less immediate.

Irrespective of the reinforcements sent from the army of Virginia, and which are said to have consisted of the corps of General Longstreet, the Confederate army is reported to have numbered 35 brigades, or about 71,000 men, and to have been made up as follows. It included the two corps of Generals Polk and Hill, which formed the army proper under the command of General Bragg, and comprised the four divisions of Cheatham, Withers, Cleburn, and Stuart; the reinforcements from General Johnston's army, of Breckenridge's and Clayborne's divisions; Buckner's division from Northern Tennessee; Walker's brigade from Mobile; Jackson's brigade, which formed the old garrison of Chattanooga, and 14,000 cavalry under General Forrest. Other troops are also reported to have been brought from Northern



Mississippi, and the Georgia State militia served as a garrison for Rome. Longstreet's corps is reported to have passed through Augusta on the 10th, and to have been pushed forward at once to Resaca, about 12 miles from Lafayette. On Sunday, the 13th, General Rosencranz left Chattanooga and moved his head-quarters to Trenton. On the same day the Confederates attacked General Negley, of Thomas's corps, who was endeavouring to force a passage through Pigeon Mountains, and succeeded in keeping him in check. This attack was made with the object of securing the left flank of General Bragg's army during the retreat of the rear division from Chattanooga. General Forrest had skirmished with the advancing Federals, with the same object, at Dalton on the 11th. General Rosencranz appears to have apprehended an engagement, and, as far as possible, to have collected together the several corps of his army which had been separated during the flank attack on the Confederate position around Chattanooga. The mountainous nature of the country, however, rendered the concentration of his army difficult, and on the 19th the corps of General Thomas appears to have occupied a rather exposed position on the left bank of the Chickamauga, forming the left wing of the Federal army, thrown forward in advance of the centre and right.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday, the 19th, the action commenced by an attack on General Thomas's corps, which proved so far successful as to result in the capture of five or six guns of Loom's battery; yet the Confederates were held in check until about 2.40 P.M., when the centre divisions of the Federal line, reinforced by a portion of the commands of Generals McCook and Crittenden, were driven back, and in fact broken. The divisions of Generals Van Cleve, Reynolds, and Carter were thrown into confusion, and in order to re-form the broken line, the wings—the left under the command of General Thomas in person, the right under that of General Davis, of McCook's corps—closed in. The engagement continued until 6 P.M., when the Federal reserves under the command of Generals Palmer and Negley came into action, and the ground lost by the Federals in the earlier part of the day was recovered—the two armies in the evening occupying, according to Northern accounts, their original positions along the banks of the Chickamauga Creek. On the following day, Sunday the 20th, the action was renewed, the Confederates being again the attacking party. The Federals were posted at the foot of a ridge of hills—probably Mission Ridge—on which their right rested, and extended across the Chattanooga and Lafayette road, about four miles south of Rossville, their left being protected by abatis. Portions of the corps of General McCook formed the right, that of Crittenden the centre, and General Thomas's the left. This last was the point of attack, the Confederates seeking to gain possession of the Chattanooga road. When the Federals found that their left was hard pressed, reinforcements were sent from the right wing; and it appears to have been whilst this movement was in course of execution that the Confederates pressed hard on the Federal right and centre, and completely defeated them, driving them into the mountains. Thus the right of General Thomas became exposed, and his corps was forced to fall back. At 1 P.M. the Federal reserves under General Granger came up and checked the advance of the victorious Confederates, and until 4 P.M. there was an almost total cessation of hostilities. At 4 o'clock the Confederates renewed the attack on General Thomas's right, which had been reinforced by portions of the defeated divisions of the two other corps. The attack succeeded, and the right was driven back; but the left still held firm, and General Thomas at the close of the day occupied a position along the Rossville and Chattanooga road, almost at right angles with that which he held in the morning. During the night of the 20th, he retired to Rossville.

The reports of the capture of guns and prisoners on either side are too vague to afford a basis for a satisfactory opinion; but the Federal accounts confess that two of the divisions of General McCook's corps—viz. those of Davis and Sheridan—fled, whilst that of Van Cleve, of Crittenden's corps, only retired. This admission acknowledges defeat. On the 21st, the Confederates followed up their success by attacking General Thomas, and forcing him to continue his retreat from Rossville to Chattanooga, where General Rosencranz reports that he intends to make a stand until reinforcements reach him either from Grant or Burnside. The delay of the march of General Burnside appears almost unaccountable. On the 2nd of September he is reported to have occupied Knoxville, not more than 100 miles from Chattanooga, whilst on the 10th his advanced guard was said to be within 30 miles of that place. Yet no attempt seems to have been made to combine his forces with those under Rosencranz, and he almost appears to have courted the danger of incurring defeat in detail. Indeed, the accounts of the battles of the 19th and 20th seem to show that General Rosencranz had not taken sufficient care to concentrate his forces when in the presence of the enemy. Divisions were pushed into action as they arrived on the field of battle; whilst the concerted movements of corps under their respective commanders do not appear to have been attempted, excepting in the case of General Thomas. The accounts mention several Division Generals as playing conspicuous parts in the action, but the name of General Rosencranz himself (who is said to have returned to Chattanooga before the battle was over), and those of McCook and Crittenden, seldom appear. Until further accounts reach us, the effect of these battles can scarcely be ascertained. The morale of the Federal army must be considerably injured by the recent defeat; in fact, this may be gathered from the Northern accounts, which acknowledge the bad conduct of some of the divisions of

McCook's and Crittenden's corps in the second day's action. General Rosencranz will also have great difficulty in preserving his line of communication, extending as it does for a considerable distance through an unfriendly country. Indeed, the result of the recent operations in Georgia, combined with the news of Confederate successes in other parts, appears to justify the opinion that, for the present at least, the tide of success has again turned in favour of the Confederate arms.

#### THE "GREAT EASTERN" IN EXTREMIS.

THE proprietors of the *Great Eastern* steamship seem to be involved in inextricable difficulties. An unrelenting fate pursues this unhappy vessel, and disaster following disaster almost forbids the hope of her ever becoming profitable. It is easy to show that she has met with accidents which could neither have been foreseen nor obviated; but, as has been lately remarked in reference to the vessels of the Galway line, a succession of such accidents does not tend to beget public confidence. The most potent of the causes which have now reduced even the most sanguine shareholders to despair has been the damage sustained by the ship by striking a submerged rock off Montauk Point. True it is that this accident triumphantly demonstrated the strength of the ship's hull, but it has cost nearly 50,000*l.* to repair, besides interrupting a course of what promised to be remunerative voyages. The ship, on her return home, was placed upon the beach, and excavations were made beneath her in order to get at the damaged plates of her bottom. She thus spent two months on the shore of the Mersey, affording an interesting example of engineering skill in her treatment, but causing a heavy loss to her proprietors. At length she resumed her employment in the New York trade. The number of passengers conveyed in each successive trip exhibited satisfactory progress, but a new obstacle to prosperity appeared in the severe competition which has existed during the present season. She made two voyages out and home without the occurrence of any remarkable event, but, on the third voyage out, a portion of one of her paddle-wheels was carried away during a heavy gale. This gale became heavier after the ship was thus partially disabled. She laboured considerably, but received no strain. The proprietors are entitled to congratulation upon this fresh proof of the excellence of the ship's construction, and they must reconcile themselves as they best can to a repetition of the old story of repairs, and delay while they were being effected. On her homeward voyage she sustained quite a new sort of disaster. The ship *Jane* came into collision with her and got much the worst of the encounter, but whether the *Great Eastern* will come off equally victorious in the Court of Admiralty is uncertain. On her arrival at Liverpool, an execution creditor seized the ship, and advertised her for sale; and this combination of "circumstances over which the directors had no control" compelled them to call a meeting of proprietors, and to put to them the question whether they would once more evince their faith in the ship's fortunes by advancing a considerable sum of money to meet pressing liabilities, or whether this grand enterprise should be now confessed to be a humiliating and disastrous failure.

The report of the meeting of proprietors supplies few topics for consolation. The only practical result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee, to whom was referred that question so difficult to answer, viz. what was to be done? There was very little use in complaining that passengers had been too well fed, for the competition on the American line has been far too keen to render it advisable to incur unfavourable comparison with the bills of fare of any other company. Almost the only reasonable explanation of the disastrous issue of the enterprise was supplied by the complaint that the ship had been employed in a trade for which she was unfitted. The *Great Eastern* was designed, as her name indicates, for a long voyage. It might have been expected that she would be most advantageously employed in trading to the most distant port which the largest stock of coals she was capable of carrying would enable her to reach. Whatever may have been the reason for putting her into the New York trade, that step was at any rate not contemplated by those who built her. It is now said that competition has been unexpectedly severe, but the ship might have been employed where no other ship could have competed with her. A shareholder expressed his belief that the ship would have succeeded in the Australian trade, stating that she would go faster than any other ship on that route, and would make the voyage in forty days. It should always be borne in mind that the *Great Eastern* was designed, not to attain extremely high speed during a short voyage, but to maintain moderately high speed during a long voyage. The vessels of the Cunard line may beat the *Great Eastern* across the Atlantic, but they would have no chance against her in a voyage to Australia, because they would have to stop, probably more than once, for coal. The important question, however, is whether she could obtain freight and passengers to Australia sufficient to make the voyage remunerative. The confidence expressed at the meeting on this point could not have been entertained by the directors in former years, or they would not have departed as they did from the original design of the builders of the ship. It is not the least remarkable feature in the history of the *Great Eastern* that no attempt has ever been made to send her to the East at all. Whatever may be thought in general of the prudence of building a ship of this vast size, it may at any rate be admitted that nobody would have dreamed of building such a ship to trade between Liverpool and New York. The before-mentioned shareholder

asserted that, for a voyage to Australia, passengers would prefer the *Great Eastern* to any other ship. Although this was perhaps going rather far, it may be safely said that all that has happened to the ship ought, if rationally considered, to tend to enhance confidence in her strength and seaworthiness. It is, however, difficult to induce the public to consider such things rationally. The superstition that a ship which has been unlucky will be unlucky still would be likely to prove an obstacle to the success of any new company which should assume the business of working the *Great Eastern*.

Those who have observed the progress of the affairs of the Great Ship Company will be aware that a clergyman named Nicholson has been one of the most hopeful and thorough-going supporters of the directors under their many difficulties. When Mr. Nicholson stated, as he did at the recent meeting, that he thought the shareholders must be satisfied to undergo the process of winding-up, it is not easy to believe that any other alternative will be discovered by the committee which is now inquiring into the position of the Company's affairs. It is, however, possible that another Company may be formed for the purpose of buying the ship very cheap of the existing Company, and trying what may be done by a fresh start, clear of debt. If the probable duration of iron ships has not been miscalculated, the *Great Eastern* may, with care, be preserved until trade has undergone such development as to render it no longer difficult to procure for her sufficient and regular employment. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that she will not be suffered to pass into foreign hands. Some years, and perhaps many, must elapse before any similar vessel will be afloat. In the meantime, she affords a means of transporting troops which might be of the highest value, and which will belong only to the nation which possesses her. This is not the place for urging the claims to public support of any Company which may be found to buy the ship; and even if it were, some hardihood would be required to assert that shares in such a Company are likely to turn out a profitable investment. But it may at least be said that such a Company is quite as much, or as little, likely to succeed as many other companies which are contending for public favour. There would be a certain degree of credit, if not of profit, in being a shareholder in a company which should preserve the *Great Eastern* from passing into foreign hands.

The run of ill-luck which this ship has had might be deemed, in a Pagan age, a decisive proof that the anger of the gods had been provoked by the bold experiment of building a vessel of this enormous size. An accident causing several deaths occurred in launching her. A terrible and destructive explosion happened in her first trip from the Thames to Portland. After long delay and heavy expense, she was at length despatched across the Atlantic. On her return to Milford Haven, she required repairs which made it necessary to beach her. In getting her again afloat, a fatal accident occurred to a man-of-war's boat which was assisting. The following autumn, she became disabled in a gale and had to put back to Queenstown. Then came that heavy and unexpected blow to her improving prospects which she sustained when she hit upon a rock in Montauk Bay. To repair the injury thus inflicted, she was beached for the second time. Perhaps it may be said that when this difficult operation has been twice successfully performed with this huge ship, her luck, after all, has not been so very bad. The last in the series of her misfortunes was her collision with the ship *Jane*. She has been more than once threatened with execution, and has been actually under seizure within the last week. Finally, it has become possible that the Court of Chancery may before long assume the disposition of her. This is surely a catalogue of misfortunes sufficient to appease the hatred of whatever deity was offended by the launching of the *Great Eastern*. In the absence of a better reason for taking shares in any company which may be formed to buy her, it may be suggested that her luck must be near its turn, and that a course of prosperity may therefore be predicted for her.

#### THE THEATRES.

AS winter approaches, there is a renewed activity among the managers of London, and we may say, with a tolerable approximation to correctness, that the theatrical season is commencing. Houses that have been closed are now reopening; and at houses that have remained open there is a change of bills. At any rate, the period of utter stagnation is over for the present year.

The two most interesting events connected with theatrical life are the reopening of Drury Lane and the appearance of Miss Bateman at the Adelphi. Through the ill-success of that luckless "sensation drama," *Bonnie Dundee*, the Drury Lane season came to such a dismal termination in the summer that people were by no means certain what sort of figure the large house would make in the coming winter. Some years ago, the surmise that Old Drury would ultimately be converted into a huge bathing and washing establishment was heard not without satisfaction, for it had been the scene of so many abortive enterprises that it might almost be regarded as a lasting monument of bad fortune; and people began to look at it askance, with something of the disagreeable awe which inspired the ancient Roman when he glanced at the gate rendered infamous by the egress of the Fabii. However, the house acquired a new character under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, who, detecting its capabilities with considerable acuteness, made it the home of the holiday drama. A theatre at which, if not the best,

certainly the biggest, pantomime was performed every Christmas, could not be wholly unpopular; and the restoration of the time-honoured custom of celebrating boxing-day by seeing a harlequinade at a "large house" afforded the London populace a gratification analogous to that which the whole nation is said to have felt at the resuscitation of holly, mistletoe, and plum-pudding after the downfall of the Puritans. The "Upper Ten" among our playgoers generally prefer comparatively small theatres, except where the performance is operatic. With them, the comfort of hearing every word uttered by the actors without the slightest trouble outweighs all other considerations, and the argument of the elder Mr. Kean, that large houses are preferable because they stimulate the imagination, has no weight with a class whose imagination could not be stirred by any theatrical exhibition whatever. But with the masses it is otherwise. A sense of wonder, utterly unknown to the educated portion of the audience, enters largely into the amount of pleasure afforded to the uncultivated public by theatrical entertainments generally, and among the most immediate causes of wonder largeness of dimensions is notoriously prominent. To a holiday mob a house like (say) the Strand can no more be a substitute for Drury Lane than a small pyramid can do the office of a colossal one in the eyes of a traveller determined to dwell with awe on the past glories of Egypt.

Under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, Drury Lane again became a sort of "institution," and a Christmas that passed without the large pantomimes usual for the last few years would have been deemed incomplete. Hence people were glad when they heard that the old house was about to be opened in the course of the present autumn, and their pleasure was heightened by the information that Mr. Edward Falconer was the lessee. Last winter, under the superintendence of Mr. Marsh Nelson, the architect, Mr. Falconer had renovated the interior of the building into a seemly condition which had not belonged to it within the memory of young playgoers, and the pantomime with which he commenced his management last Christmas was just the sort of entertainment with which, in previous years, holiday patrons had been well content. Moreover, Mr. Edmund Falconer is essentially a popular author. The failure of *Bonnie Dundee* did not suffice to extinguish the glorious memory of *Peep o' Day*, which had held possession of the stage for an uninterrupted twelvemonth. It is true that, even with respect to this great, long, and long-lived drama, the admiration of literary critics has not been unmingled; but when the sensation-seekers are delighted, the poll which is nightly taken at the treasury of a theatre reduces the literary critics to a contemptible minority. Several comedies, too, have issued from the pen of Mr. Falconer, containing quite enough to please that large class to whom the works of Reynolds and Morton still rank as masterpieces of the British Thalia. Starting thus with a good general character, Mr. Falconer further improved his position by his announcement with respect to the present season. The company he had collected comprised several esteemed performers, and the promise of Lord Byron's *Manfred*, with the deservedly popular Mr. Phelps as the principal character, and with Alpine scenery from the pencil of Mr. Telbin, was quite enough to stimulate pleasurable curiosity. If the present play-going world does not greatly care to hear poetry, it is very fond of looking at theatrical pictures, and the young have heard from their fathers what a fine spectacle was made of *Manfred* nearly thirty years ago.

Mr. Falconer has commenced his season with the production of a new comedy, written by himself, and entitled, *Nature's above Art*. In some of his earlier works he taught us—as Rousseau, and Day, and Mrs. Inchbald taught us years ago—that native worth is superior to fashionable glitter; and now he shows that there is a defect in ungente blood which no amount of education will suffice to obliterate. In order to point this moral, two infants, it is supposed, have been interchanged shortly after birth. In consequence of this transaction, the son of a plebeian has received a patrician education, but remains an incorrigible snob, while the son of a patrician is rudely knocked about the world, but makes a very passable gentleman. A French public would find the theory thus evolved terribly adverse to "les principes de '89;" and it might be thought that the sentiments of the Drury Lane gallery would in some measure correspond to those of the Parisian *Paradis*. Nothing of the kind. The applause that is bestowed upon the unsophisticated bumpkin who proves too much for an aristocratic coxcomb is with equal liberality bestowed upon the gentleman born who puts down the vulgar *parvenu*. The weight of "principles" is as small in England as it is great in France, and, save perhaps at times of political excitement, the British public is glad to see the real man triumph over the sham, to whatever strata of society the sham and the real may respectively belong. If Mr. Falconer's new comedy pleases somewhat less than his earlier productions of the same kind, the only cause is that it is less amusing, and that the circumstances under which the infants are interchanged necessitate a great deal of puzzling explanation. Talk that does not immediately bear upon action must be very delightful indeed to afford much gratification to a modern audience.

Among the Drury Lane company is Mr. Garstin Belmore, a promising low comedian, who at the Princess's Theatre represented the "softy" in a version of *Aurora Floyd*, with such startling power that many connoisseurs predicted his eminence in a department associated by the old with the name of Emery, and



by the young with that of Robson. That a fair opportunity of attaining distinction may not be wanting, Mr. Belmore, now he is at Drury Lane, is provided with a new pathetic drama, written by Mr. George Burnand, on the theme of the Peggotty episode in Mr. Dickens's *David Copperfield*, and entitled the *Deal Boatman*. Mr. Peggotty—blessed with a new name, and removed from Yarmouth to Deal—is represented by Mr. Belmore with much intelligence and discrimination, and also with much regard to external appearance. His success will doubtless raise him several degrees in his profession, though a large theatre is less suitable than a small one for the exhibition of cabinet pictures of domestic joy and sorrow.

Miss Bateman, who has recently made her appearance at the Adelphi in an English version of Mosenthal's *Deborah*, entitled *Leah*, furnishes a very exceptional instance of a juvenile histrionic talent developed into maturity. In theatrical matters, the proverb which teaches us that the child is father of the man is held to be not only unworthy of confidence, but so diametrically opposed to truth that celebrity in the child is an infallible prognostic of obscurity in the adult. Play Richard III. in your eleventh year, and, according to the laws established by a severe induction, you may make up your mind that when you have attained the age of thirty you will scarcely be able to stride from the back of the stage to the front without committing some palpable blunder. However, Miss Bateman, who several years ago was known here as one of a clever pair of American juveniles called the "Bateman Children," affords one proof more that there is no rule without an exception; for in the character of Deborah, now named Leah, she supports by her own exertions a drama which, left entirely to its unassisted merits, might weary many and offend a chosen few. Her speech is not altogether free from the Transatlantic accent, and the delivery of her more quiet speeches, clearly as they are articulated, is not without an appearance of studied formality. But her power of abandonment to the influence of a strong passion is very great, and having first made an impression on her audience by her picturesque aspect, she rivets their attention when they least expect it by the intensity with which she expresses her emotions. Her poses, evidently the result of a somewhat severe study, are extremely striking; and the peculiar costume which heightens their effect shows that the idea of forming part of an effective tableau has been uppermost in the young artist's mind. *Leah* is not the "tendency-drama" that *Deborah* was when it issued fresh from the hands of Mosenthal, whose dialogue almost looks like a *consommé* of the Old Testament. On the contrary, the Judaical tone is softened, and a few practical expedients bring the work to a more melodramatic level than originally belonged to it. But still, for acting purposes, the impassioned, wronged, vindictive, and penitent Jewess remains showy and effective as ever. Miss Bateman hurls down the great solemn curse with *aplomb*, and everybody shrink. She re-appears in enfeebled condition, and murmurs forth forgiveness, whereupon everybody weeps. The means to the end are broad rather than subtle, but they are forcibly and skilfully employed, and when the curtain falls the actress has fairly subjected her audience.

The New Royalty Theatre, in Dean Street, Soho, lately reopened by Mrs. Selby, is at present sparkling not a little with the brilliant dialogue of *Leion*, a new mythological burlesque from the pen of Mr. Burnand, and the equally brilliant scenery and costumes wherewith the work is illustrated. The members of Mrs. Selby's company are not, for the most part, very intimately known to fame, but they are well trained in all those accomplishments that give a zest to burlesque acting, and we do not often see an extravaganza more neatly put upon the stage, or played with more spirit, than *Leion*.

The suburban establishments look highly respectable. Mr. Shepherd, of the Surrey, has taken Mr. James Anderson the tragedian into partnership, and the result of the coalition has been the transformation of an exceedingly dull tragedy, in which Mr. Macready played forty years ago, into a very effective melodramatic spectacle, magnificently illustrated by Mr. Brew. The tragedy was called *Wallace*; the spectacle is entitled the *Scottish Chief*. Sadler's Wells has been opened by Miss Marriott, a "legitimate actress" principally of the suburbs, who seems anxious to follow in the venerated steps of Mr. Phelps.

## REVIEWS.

### OUR OLD HOME.\*

THERE are few things more welcome to Englishmen than a good description, by a foreigner, of England and the English; and, if the author is an American, he has the advantage of being near enough to understand and sympathize with us, and yet of being sufficiently a stranger to give point and originality to his criticisms. Mr. Hawthorne has given, under the title of *Our Old Home*, a series of sketches in which he depicts many of the English scenes he visited while he was residing among us, and records the impressions which were produced by his observation of men and things here. His experience was sufficiently diversified to give him an opportunity of judging England with tolerable fulness and fairness. He knew the English country and the English town; he saw very different strata of English society; and he took very great trouble to be at once accurate and just. He

was Consul for some years at Liverpool, and used frequently to make excursions to observe different parts of England. The tours he describes in these volumes took him to Leamington, Stratford, Oxford, the Scotch Border, Greenwich, and many of the outlying parts of London. All these places, and the men and women inhabiting them, he paints with his usual gracefulness of style, and with that subdued humour, that oddness and yet soundness of imagination, and that relish at once for the beautiful and the grotesque, which characterize the novels that have made his name famous. In no part of this new work is the peculiar stamp of his mind more apparent, and none so directly connects his description of actual events, and real scenes and people, with the life and the personages of his fictions, as the first chapters in which he draws the portraits of some of the stranger characters who came to him in his official capacity as Consul. It is with a relish which he communicates to his readers that he portrays the wild, vague, hopeless career of his eccentric countrymen—such as the American who passed all the best days of his life in vainly trying to leave England and get back to Ninety-second Street, Philadelphia; the American whose sole passion and ambition was to see and speak to the Queen; and the American Doctor of Divinity who sank for a week into the lowest abyss of Liverpool society, and then emerged destitute and repentant, and desirous to be sent back to his admiring flock. But English readers will scarcely, perhaps, pay as much attention to these preliminary sketches as they deserve, since the natural desire to know what Mr. Hawthorne thinks of them and their country will carry them rapidly forward. In his preface, Mr. Hawthorne seems to apprehend that some Englishmen may think that he has criticised too freely and spoken his mind too frankly. He need not have any fear of the sort. In England we like to hear judicious criticisms of ourselves, and are entertained and delighted when any shafts of wit come unexpectedly home to us. We have had plenty of foreigners to praise us up to the skies, and plenty to abuse us and call us every bad name under heaven; but strangers who can appreciate us, and can see the comic side of English respectability, and can detect the weak points of our social system without exaggerating their importance or refusing to see how intimately they are associated with our past history, are very rare, and would be welcome even if they had not the taste, the grace, and the good-feeling of Mr. Hawthorne.

English scenery receives from Mr. Hawthorne nearly as much admiration as even its English admirers could wish; but his admiration has a novelty about it which is derived from his power of contrasting it with America, and of bringing American feelings and American recollections to survey it. Two things more especially seem to have overpowered him with wonder and delight, as beautiful in themselves, and as having nothing like them in America. These were English hedges and English Cathedrals. "Something," he says, "grows in America which we choose to call a hedge, but it lacks the dense, luxuriant variety of vegetation that is accumulated into the English original, in which a botanist would find a thousand shrubs and gracious herbs that the hedge-maker never thought of planting there." The damp climate, indeed, seems to him to work a succession of marvels for which there is no parallel in America. Even where there is no hedge, but only a stone wall, sprigs of ivy, and ferns, and moss "mingle a charm of divine gracefulness even with so earthly an institution as a boundary fence." And it pleased him to notice the growth of moss, under the same favouring influence of damp, on the tombstones, and to observe how the memory of men was literally kept green by the moss that filled up and followed the patterns of the letters of their epitaphs. In the villages, what especially struck him was the absence of "that insulated space, the intervening gardens, grass-plots, orchards, broad spreading shade-trees which occur between American village houses. The English dwellings all grow together like the cells of a honey-comb." But everything in social England has the stamp of antiquity, which Mr. Hawthorne thinks none but an American can appreciate, and even he grows insensible to it if he stays long in the country. But when he first comes, he is thrilled to think that the little village church "stood for ages under the Catholic faith, and has not materially changed since Wickliffe's days," and that the immemorial yew has witnessed the lives of fifty generations of villagers. He consoles himself, however, with remembering that the country life of England is not much worth witnessing, and that the yew has but seen the same dull grey existence repeat itself endlessly. This is, indeed, the burthen of the whole book. England is curious and lovely in its way, but it has no merriment or life in it, and an American would not really change his sense of the promise of the future for the beauties and immobility of England. No passage could condense more of Mr. Hawthorne's private thoughts into a short space than that to which the old yew gives occasion:—

And, after all, what a weary life it must have been for the old tree! Tedious beyond imagination! Such, I think, is the final impression on the mind of an American visitor, when his delight at finding something permanent begins to yield to his Western love of change, and he becomes sensible of the heavy air of a spot where the forefathers and foremothers have grown up together, intermarried, and died, through a long succession of lives, without any intermixture of new elements, till family features and character are all run in the same inevitable mould. Life is there fossilized in its greenest leaf. The man who died yesterday or ever so long ago walks the village-street to-day, and chooses the same wife that he married a hundred years since, and must be buried again to-morrow under the same kindred dust that has already covered him half a score of times. The stone threshold of his cottage is worn away with his hob-nailed footsteps, shuffling over it from

\* *Our Old Home*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

the reign of the first Plantagenet to that of Victoria. Better than this is the lot of our restless countrymen, whose modern instinct bids them tend always towards "fresh woods and pastures new." Rather than such monotony of sluggish ages, loitering on a village-green, toiling in hereditary fields, listening to the parson's drone lengthened through centuries in the gray Norman church, let us welcome whatever change may come—change of place, social customs, political institutions, modes of worship—trusting, that, if all present things shall vanish, they will but make room for better systems, and for a higher type of man to clothe his life in them, and to fling them off in turn.

Mr. Hawthorne is, indeed, always reserved and guarded in the good things he has to say of the out-of-door life of England, and will not allow that in many things there is any excellence at all. Of our fruit, for example, he says:—"I never ate an English fruit, raised in the open air, that could compare in flavour with a Yankee turnip." To the weather he became by degrees accustomed, and he says that "in the second twelvemonth, beginning to get acclimatized, I became sensible of austere friendliness, shy, but sometimes almost tender, in the veiled, shadowy, seldom smiling summer." But of English cathedrals he speaks in terms of unbounded admiration. "A Gothic cathedral," he wrote after seeing Lichfield, "is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough." At the same time he felt what so many feel, but scarcely like to own. "I could not elevate myself to this spiritual height any more than I could have climbed from the ground to the summit of one of its pinnacles. After a hundred years, inculcated as my higher sympathies might be invigorated by so divine an employment, I should still be a gazer from below, and at an awful distance, as yet remotely excluded from the interior mystery. If the truth must be told, my ill-trained enthusiasm soon flagged." At the same time he felt that there was an element in the thought which had built these cathedrals out of harmony with his own. "How much mischief," he says, "has been wrought upon us by the invariable gloom of the Gothic imagination; flinging itself like a death-scented pall over our conceptions of the future, smothering our hopes, hiding our sky, and inducing dismal efforts to raise the harvest of immortality out of what is most opposite to it—the grave." Lesser annoyances also haunted him, and he describes, with a truthfulness that makes itself immediately recognized, how he "was put at odds with the proper influences of the Cathedral" by the sinister effect of seeing one of the cherubic multitude of choristers pull off his white gown, and transform himself into a commonplace youth of the day. In Westminster Abbey, again, he was shocked by the contrast between the grandeur of the building and the inanity of the sermon he heard preached there. "I therefore came to the conclusion that, in my individual case, it would be better and more reverent to let my eyes wander about the edifice, than to fasten them and my thoughts on the evidently uninspired mortal who was venturing, and felt it no venture at all, to speak here above his breath."

Of the English with whom he came in contact, his general impression was, that they were beefy, ungainly, heavy people, without much imagination or power, but with honesty and sense, and a willingness to be kind. He owns, however, what every one must own who takes the traditional John Bull and compares it with real Englishmen of eminence, that they are very different, and that nothing in look or mind resembles what is supposed to be the universal national type. This more especially struck Mr. Hawthorne when Greenwich made him familiar with the face and figure of Lord Nelson. He tries to put Lord Nelson apart as a stray man of genius, utterly un-English, whom the English do not to this day appreciate. This will seem a shallow theory to those who can recall a hundred instances in which there was the same dissimilarity between the individual and the supposed national type. Sir Charles Napier, the Duke of Wellington, Pitt, and a host of familiar names, recur to us as those of men who were quite unlike in appearance and character to that successful yeoman who is taken as the normal Englishman. But Mr. Hawthorne, if scarcely a fair judge of the whole character of Englishmen, is quite at liberty to give his own personal impressions, and he seems to have been very much struck with the ponderousness and stupidity of the men he came across. The lean, lantern-jawed, restless Yankee rose continually before his memory as a much higher and more promising type of man. The only Englishman whose manners he could cordially approve of was Leigh Hunt, and these he considered to be peculiarly American. "The kind of excellence that distinguished him, his fineness, subtilty, and grace, was that which the richest cultivation has heretofore tended to develope in the happier examples of American genius, and which (though I say it reluctantly) is perhaps what our future intellectual advancement may make general among us. Leigh Hunt's person, at all events, was thoroughly American, and of the best type, as were likewise his manners; for we are the best as well as the worst-mannered people in the world." To many English customs and tastes Mr. Hawthorne could never get reconciled. He could, for example, see nothing at all attractive in cricket. "It is necessary to be born an Englishman, I believe, in order to enjoy this great national game; at any rate, as a spectacle for an outside observer, I found it lazy, lingering, tedious, and utterly devoid of pictorial effects." We could hardly expect him to like public dinners, and the public speeches of public dinners, which most Englishmen themselves so much detest. His official position, however, and his literary reputation took him to a good many, and he observed the speeches with much keenness of critical attention. He remarked that the audience was best pleased "when the speaker embodied his ideas in the figurative language of arithmetic, or struck upon any hard matter of

business or statistics, as a heavy-laden bark bumps upon a rock in mid-ocean."

He does not seem to have greatly admired Englishwomen, although on one or two occasions he is very enthusiastic about particular ladies. But, in general, they seemed to him ungraceful and dowdy. "Since the plain truth must be told, the soil and climate of England produce feminine beauty as rarely as they do delicate fruit. The men are man-like, but the women are not beautiful, though the female Bull may be well enough adapted to the male." He also noticed what we at home have occasion to notice—the bellicose nature of the Englishwoman, and the readiness with which she fights, whatever may be her class of life. "All English people," he says, "are influenced in a far greater degree than ourselves by this simple and honest tendency, in case of disagreement, to batter one another's persons; and whoever has seen a crowd of English ladies (for instance, at the door of the Sistine Chapel in Holy Week) will be satisfied that their bellicose propensities are kept in abeyance only by a merciless rigour on the part of society. It requires a vast deal of refinement to spiritualize their large physical endowments." At the same time, he was pleased to see that there were poor women in England who acknowledged by their dress that they were poor. "This kind of beauty," he says, "arrayed in a fitness of its own, is probably vanishing out of the world, and will certainly never be found in America, where all the girls—whether the daughters of the Upper-Tendom, the mediocracy, the cottage, or the kennel—aim at one standard of dress and deportment, seldom accomplishing a perfectly triumphant hit or an absurd failure." But this is almost the only good thing he has to say of Englishwomen, and his general impression of them can be fairly judged from his description of the English dowager. The picture is true, or very nearly true, and its liveliness and nicety of observation will be relished by Englishmen quite as much as they could be by Americans:—

I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we Western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and strenuous tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, seldom positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for trampling down a foe. Without anything positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbours, she has the effect of a seventy-four gun-ship in time of peace; for, while you assure yourself that there is no real danger, you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset, if pugnaciously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter-injury. She certainly looks tenfold—nay, a hundredfold—better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womankind; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude, and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect, only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional strait that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

#### LEGENDS OF THE MEDIEVAL PAPACY.\*

IT must be matter of surprise to any one who begins the study of history to find, even in its better-explored parts, so many problems still unsolved. We do not mean questions as to the character and motives and beliefs of individual men or of communities. These must remain obscure from the want of any definite literary expression. Still more difficult is it to obtain a satisfactory judgment on the laws and causes which have governed events over large periods of time; for here opinion and theory have as much to do with our conclusion as the facts on which they are to operate, and we may dispute endlessly about the one, let the other be ever so clear. Setting all these aside, it is worth noticing how slowly the united labour of many ardent students reduces the mass of obscurities and controversies as to questions of pure fact which we even find close to the beaten highways of history. No one need wonder at the blunders of ordinary people when he sees how frequently the solemn historian himself carelessly accepts a plausible view, or copies without more ado the statement of a predecessor which reference to the original sources would have shown to be erroneous. The great writer whose work takes in large periods may be excused for this, for he cannot examine everything, and his powers are probably better spent in modelling a statue than in carving a gem. But we are not grateful enough to the patient labour which thinks nothing insignificant, and, having found a dark corner, is not at rest till full light is cast on every part of it. Even should it turn out that the corner was empty, that itself is worth knowing, and the task worth doing; but, as a matter of fact, it constantly happens that the minute details thus discovered supply the most valuable illustrations of the thoughts and habits of a past generation.

Full of this sort of interest, and admirable as models of his-

\* Die Papst-Fabeln des Mittelalters. Ein Beitrag zur Kirchengeschichte. Von Joh. Jos. Ign. N. Dollinger. Munich: J. G. Cotta. 1863.



torical thoroughness and accuracy, are the researches set forth in this little volume—a pamphlet rather than a book—which we owe to Dr. Döllinger, the most learned and moderate theologian of Roman Catholic Germany. He tells us in his preface that, having been obliged, while preparing a systematic history of the mediæval Papacy, to trace out the origin of the various legends and fables which cluster round it, he has thought it well to present some account of these in a separate form, not so much from their intrinsic importance, though this is not slight, as because he conceives that the circumstances of their growth and reception excellently illustrate the mythopœic spirit and unreasoning credulity of the middle ages. Some of these legends are true myths, where the popular imagination embodies a belief in the concrete form of a story. Others are intentional fictions—forgeries in fact—perpetrated for the Church's ends or their own, by persons who had imperfect notions of the difference between truth and falsehood. However different their origin, their history is usually much the same. Both alike find a ready belief from all classes, and just as the former are pressed into the service of religious or political controversy, so in return the latter are seized upon by the appetite of the age for the marvellous, till the outline of the original falsehood is lost in the drapery of romance that has enfolded it.

The best instance of a legend of the former description is the well-known one of Pope Joan, the history of which Dr. Döllinger has set forth at some length. A story improbable to the verge of incredibility, and at the same time disgraceful to the very office which men most respected, found unquestioning belief in Rome and throughout Europe, and was used as a weapon of party warfare by factions within and without the Church, though it had no shadow of foundation in fact, and does not seem to have been known for several centuries after the date which it assigns to the events. Nay, though the lack of evidence for it was pointed out nearly three hundred years ago, it has been defended in our own days by learned men like Kist in Holland and Luden in Germany. Its weakness is, indeed, its strength; where the popular belief was so firm, one inclines to think there must have been some surer ground for it than any that can now be discovered. As Dr. Döllinger remarks, the only adequate refutation is an explanation; the matter is not settled till we can show how so strange a tale was invented and propagated. The solution which he himself offers is extremely ingenious, and appears more satisfactory the longer we look at it. The story, in its ordinary form, is familiar to every one. A girl whom the original version represents as English or German, though ecclesiastical hatred made her afterwards a Greek, comes to Rome dressed as a man, attracts notice there by a learning surpassing that of all the theologians of the city, is made cardinal, and at last chosen pope under the name of John. She creates her paramour, the companion of her wanderings, a cardinal, and has frequent interviews with him; but the secret is well kept, and for nearly three years she comports herself well in her office, discharging all its duties with success, till, going one day in procession from the Vatican to say mass at St. John Lateran, she is taken in the open street with the pains of labour and delivered of a child. Accounts vary as to her fate. A few allow her to escape and repent; but the most make her die on the spot, or be stoned to death by the people. All this, together with many other details which are excrencences on the simple form of the tale, is confirmed by certain practices observed by the Popes, and especially by the ceremonies of their installation—these being sometimes themselves invented for the sake of the story. Rationalizing interpreters have generally supposed a foundation of fact upon which this grotesque fabric was reared. Some made it typify the reigns of Theodora and Marozia, who, for near a quarter of a century, ruled Rome by making their relatives and lovers popes. Others took it as an allegory on the origin of the false Decretals, others for a satire on the feeble character of a particular pontiff; in short, there is no end to the semi-historical explanations that have been devised. All of them are met by the difficulty that, for four hundred years after the alleged date of the event, no hint of it is to be found in any surviving writing. In the Papal catalogues of the later middle age, Pope Joanna stands in 855, immediately after Leo IV.; while the most diligent search has failed to find any mention of her earlier than the book of Stephen de Bourbon, a French Dominican in the middle of the thirteenth century. This stumbling-block Dr. Döllinger's hypothesis avoids altogether. According to him, the tale is comparatively recent, had probably existed no very long time among the people before it found its way into the chronicles, and was afterwards localized in the year 855 by a mere accident. It arose, not from a perversion or exaggeration of a real truth, but out of the sheer wildness of the popular imagination, which, taking the idea of a female pope from an ancient statue representing a figure with flowing garments (probably a heathen goddess) holding a child, and mistaking the mutilated inscription which a stone found near it bore, constructed the rest of the legend by assigning a plausible cause for Joanna's rise, and intensifying the contrast of her greatness with her shameful fall. It so happened that the street where the statue stood was one which the Papal processions always avoided; hence the localization, and the catastrophe in public. In a similar manner, Dr. Döllinger explains the other circumstances with which the exuberant fancy of later writers embellished or varied the old version—the name, the birth in England or at Mentz, the Greek education, the interviews with Satan; illustrating and confirming his explanation by the example of similar tales in other countries, whose source has been placed

beyond question. The rapid propagation and ready belief which the story found he ascribes to the efforts of the Dominicans and Franciscans, in whose chronicles we chiefly meet with it. It began to be diffused about the time of Boniface VIII., and both the great orders, with minds embittered against the Holy See, were equally ready with the laity to welcome a narrative so mortifying to its insufferable pride. Nothing can be stranger than the history of the matter from first to last. A legend dishonouring to the Papal chair grows up under its shadow among the Roman populace. It is accepted by the Church, and admitted by the Popes themselves, when the most superficial search would have enabled them to expose its falsehood. Interpolated in later editions of their works, it spreads under the authority of chroniclers who had never heard of it; it is sedulously diffused by those who are usually the Papacy's warmest defenders; it is appealed to by Huss at Constanza, as a proof that the Church could do well enough without a Pope, since under Agnes there had been none for two years and a half; and it is at last, in the seventeenth century, formally refuted by a Protestant, to the natural disgust of many who lost so fine a weapon of controversy. One point further we cannot forbear to notice. The tale, on Dr. Döllinger's hypothesis, floated at first quite loosely, unattached to a definite person or time. But when it came to be inserted in chronicles, a place in the catalogue of popes must be found for Joanna. One might have expected her among the infamous pontiffs of the tenth century; instead of this, she stands in far better company in the ninth. Our author accounts for her position in this wise. The chronicle of Martinus Polonus, the most influential and widely read annalist of his time, was so constructed that a line of narrative was given to every year of the reign of each Pope and each Emperor, arranged in parallel columns down the page. Leo IV. had held office for eight years, but Martin—who, it must be remembered, knew nothing of the female Pope—could not find sufficient matter to fill the eight lines belonging to him, and so had left several blank. The puzzled interpolator seized on the vacant space, and Joanna was irrevocably fixed between Leo and Benedict III.

Not less important, though to most readers scarcely so entertaining, are the results here given of Dr. Döllinger's inquiries into the history of Constantine's Donation, the most astounding of all the mediæval forgeries. Here the fable was meant to serve the Church's interests, so we need no diviner to tell us the motive and the means of the fabrication. The problem is, to fix the exact date, and to explain the easy credence which it found from persons interested to disprove it. Rejecting the hypothesis of a Greek origin, Dr. Döllinger assigns it to some point between 752 and 777, when the Byzantine Empire had lost its hold on North Italy and Rome, and before the Frankish power had taken its place. Only then would the idea of a Papal suzerainty over a united Italy have suggested itself. It was a sort of Confederation, not unlike that with which Louis Napoleon proposed to satisfy the Italians four years ago, that the forger seems to have contemplated. A later origin is excluded by the vague but unmistakable allusion in Pope Adrian I.'s letter in 777; nor, indeed, would the notion have arisen while the rule of Pepin and Charles and their first successors was firm in Italy. Not until the strife of the eleventh century did the Popes seriously bethink them of this formidable weapon, which henceforth was constantly brandished against the Emperor and his Ghibeline supporters. The fraud was by this time so old that no one ventured to doubt the fact of the donation—some ecclesiastics declared it were rank heresy to do so—though its legal value was often contested. The civilians, we are told by one writer, declare that Constantine had no right to make such a suicidal gift; but the canonists, he adds with *naïveté*, have no doubt of its validity. As the wealth and the abuses of the Church increased, Constantine's donation became a mark for popular hatred. A current legend told how, at the moment when Silvester received it from the Emperor's hands, a voice—whether of an angel or a devil is disputed—was heard in the air crying, "Woe, woe! to-day is poison poured out upon the Church."

Unscrupulous as the mediæval Papacy was in the use of her engines of attack, it would be unfair to accuse her of deceit here. The deed by which Constantine transfers Italy and the West to Silvester and his successors was, no doubt, the work of conscious falsifiers, and those who vaunt the services of the mediæval Church in the preservation of letters and knowledge may fairly be reminded how often she made a dishonest use of the powers her learning gave her. Yet even the original forgers, though they knew they were inventing the document, may probably have thought that its contents were in the main true, and represented in some degree what had passed between the baptizing Pope (according to the legend) and the converted Emperor; while the clergy and the Popes who afterwards appealed to it were persuaded of its genuineness as fully as the laity, who, like Dante, lamented and denounced, but never thought of doubting.

We have touched on two only of the nine "Fables" which Dr. Döllinger examines; but his remarks on all of them will interest others besides the student of ecclesiastical history to whom they are especially addressed. Of a German treatise, it is hardly necessary to state that it is fortified by plentiful references to the original texts. Of a work by Dr. Döllinger, it is superfluous to say that it is written in a candid spirit, displays profound learning, and bears every mark of scrupulous accuracy.

## THE WALLET-BOOK OF THE ROMAN WALL.\*

IN the production of the handbook before us Mr. Bruce has, perhaps, done more to advance the cause of antiquarian knowledge than even by his more elaborate treatise on the same subject which preceded it some twelve years ago. The present volume is the result of his efforts to condense into a more portable and popular form his valuable work on the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus, better known as the Roman Wall, between the Tyne and Solway. Whatever force there may be in the objection that handbooks and handy-books have a tendency to produce the species of knowledge which Sydney Smith termed "diluted omniscience," their bearing upon archaeology may fairly be regarded as a somewhat exceptional one. A little knowledge is by no means to be condemned as a dangerous thing, where its direct tendency is to promote that "cultus" of our national antiquities in which we are so miserably deficient. Of the necessity for some such training no better proof could be furnished than the testimony of a correspondent of Mr. Bruce with reference to the immediate subject of his researches. We quote it from his earlier treatise:—

Even in my own day, it was the custom of the superstitious, on the line of the Wall, to pound the stones bearing inscriptions into sand for their kitchens, or bury them in the foundations of houses or walls, for the simple reason that they considered them unlucky, calling them witch-stones. When one was found, the "old wives," fearing that the butter might not form in the churn, took good care that it should never again make its appearance. Thus down went many a splendid Roman altar, a sacrifice to ignorance and superstition.

Hutton, who explored the line of the Wall at the beginning of the present century, asserts that portions of its site were then offered rent-free for three years to any one willing to level and "improve" them. Tons of the material of which it is built have been applied to highway repairs, and many of its rarest inscriptions have been recovered—as palimpsests—from the horse-block and out-house wall. We have, therefore, good reason to be thankful for a handbook which, by enlisting the aid of tourists, may indirectly tend to the propagation of something like Christian knowledge on the subject of at least one of our national relics, among that class with whom its guardianship must practically rest. The question is simply one of demand and supply. If the public could be induced to care about the matter, the preservation of these remains would be ensured on the part of the proprietors and the neighbourhood, if not for the work's sake, at least on the score of profit—perhaps, too, from the odium which would attend their destruction. Hence, where its predecessors have all been bulky folios or portly octavos, this little work has a peculiar value, written as it is in an unpretending style by one who is thoroughly familiar with the scenes of which he treats, and with a genuine love and veneration for them which is well calculated to convert the reader into the tourist.

Nowhere in our own island—probably not even in Europe—has the wave of Roman conquest left such mighty traces as in this line of fortification. Even the work of Agricola and Antonine further north, marking as it does the highest flood-tide of Roman power in Britain, is far less in extent and importance than this its southern rival. Graham's Dyke stretches across the comparatively narrow interval of forty miles which separates the Friths of Clyde and Forth, while the southern barrier ranges from the Tyne to the Solway, a distance of more than sixty-eight miles, spanning the waist of our island as Graham's Dyke its neck, and joining the Tyne at "Wall's End" (Segedunum) with the south-western angle of the Solway Frith at Boulness. It is trisected by two great Roman roads—Watling Street cutting it at right angles at Port Gate, about sixteen miles from Newcastle, and the Maiden Way passing it at Carvoran, about twenty-two miles further west. Crossing the Tyne, the Irthing, and the Eden, for the greater part of its course, it is followed on the south by a military way which became of some importance during the Rebellion of 1715. On the outbreak of Lord Derwentwater, the entire line was carefully surveyed by Warburton, in order, as he tells us, "to show the Government the necessity there was for the Roman road to be repaired and made passable for troops." His plan was carried into effect under the provisions of the 24th Geo. II., during the Rebellion of 1745, its necessity having been proved by General Wade's inability to follow up the Pretender's troops, as the road was impassable by artillery. This vast line of fortification is, in fact, composed of a triple range of works; of the rival claims to their construction we shall presently have occasion to speak. Meanwhile, "without prejudice," we may distinguish the northern and most extensive as the Wall of Severus, which is faced by a broad and deep fosse, and which overlaps the other works by about three miles at either extremity. On the southern side of this, and at an average distance of perhaps sixty to eighty yards, runs the central vallum, which may pretty confidently be ascribed to Hadrian; and behind this, forming a covered way, run two other earthworks, which, on far more slender authority, are ascribed by some (Hutton among the number) to Agricola. A bird's-eye view of the work in its entire state would perhaps bear some resemblance to a gigantic music score, on which the great wall stations, eighteen in number (as we collect from the *Notitia*), might serve to represent bars, the mile-castles and watch-towers the notes. Of the last there is now hardly a trace. Horsley, in

1731, complained that scarcely three could be made out in succession, and now Mr. Bruce tells us that scarcely one along the whole line can be determined with certainty. Bede probably gives the average dimensions of the wall as it existed in his own time, when he speaks of it as "octo pedes latum et duodecim altum;" for Earleswick, writing in 1574, mentions a place where it was 16 feet high, and Camden, about a hundred and twenty years later, speaks of a portion near Carvoran 15 feet in height and 9 in breadth. The original height Mr. Bruce takes to have been 18 or 19 feet; its finest example at the present time, the Housesteads mile-castle, is 9½ feet. To trace the course of this barrier, which crosses England "like a white riband on a green ground," is now only a pleasant summer pilgrimage, but was formerly a service of no small danger. It would have been probably safer to cross Houslow Heath unarmed, a century ago, than the Debatable Ground in Camden's time; and that worthy antiquarian—who, much as he loved his vocation, had no idea of becoming a martyr to it—frankly confesses that "by Iverton Forsten and Chester in the Wall, near Busy Gapp, noted for robberies, we heard there were forts, but durst not go and view them for fear of the Moss-troopers." There seems to have been every excuse for his alarm, for in 1616 the evil had reached such a height that a commission was sent to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir William Hutton to provide bloodhounds, and appoint the watches where they should be kept. Hutton gives a list of nine stations where the sleuth-hound, or "slough-dog," as it was termed, was held in readiness to track these scourges of the Western Marches; and half a century later, Northumberland was rated at 500*l.* per annum, to support thirty men, and Cumberland 200*l.* for the maintenance of twelve, with a view to the suppression of what had then become an intolerable nuisance.

Mr. Bruce sets forth under more auspicious circumstances from the eastern extremity, at "Wall's End"—better known, perhaps, from the famous colliery which took its name from the position, than from any association with the barrier. Newcastle, the ancient Pons Ælii, with its relics of the bridge of Hadrian, comes next, and about three miles beyond it the masonry of the wall now first rises above ground at East Denton. The earthworks are especially perfect at the station of Hunnum, sixteen miles on the road, the point where the wall is crossed by Watling Street. Farther on, we pass the site of Sewing Shields Castle, under whose vaults, as tradition relates, King Arthur with his Queen and Court lie spellbound in a magic trance. They will never awake until the day of doom unless some one blows the horn which hangs at the entrance and cuts with the sword of stone the magic garter beside it. The condition of release was, unluckily, only half performed by a shepherd who, as Hodgson tells us in his *History of Northumberland*, found his way into the vault about fifty years ago, to the sore disappointment of the monarch, who relapsed into slumber, exclaiming:—

O woe betide that evil day  
On which this witless wight was born,  
Who drew the sword, the garter cut,  
But never blew the bugle horn.

At Borcovicus, Housesteads (an especially fine example of a wall station, with a gateway, which is one of the noblest pieces of masonry on the line of the wall), Mr. Bruce, we regret to say, comes to grief in an evidently pet theory by which he would account for a platform there, and certain conical stones lying on it:—

Going forward, we see a solid platform of masonry, about twenty feet square. Has a catapult been planted here for throwing large stones against the enemy? Lying near the spot is a conical-shaped stone, such as may have been used for such a purpose. Lying near the north wall of the station, which has been increased to nearly twice its original thickness, as if to form a solid bed for a catapult or ballista, are some more of these conical-shaped stones. Stones of a similar form have been found in other stations. Their occurrence cannot have been accidental. Probably the superiority of a conical over a spherical missile was known to the Romans.

It seems never to have occurred to Mr. Bruce that, in order to make a conical bullet available, it must be propelled with its small end foremost, and that, to ensure this condition, a rifled barrel is essential, in order to give the bullet a rotatory motion round an axis coincident with the line of its flight. The superiority of the conical to the spherical bullet lies in the circumstance that, with equal weight, it offers less resistance to the air, and thereby attains a greater range and penetrating power; but only under the above conditions. Unless Mr. Bruce is prepared to maintain that the Romans understood the principle of the rifle, and applied it to the catapult (which, apart from other considerations, we take to be simply a mechanical impossibility), his theory involves an anachronism much resembling that of the painter who introduced a horse-pistol into his picture of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac. But we must quit the wall to say somewhat of the claimants to its construction.

Who was the architect is a moot question among antiquarians, and likely to remain so—not because the oracles are dumb on the subject, but because they give very different explanations of the problem. There are those who maintain that the barrier was the work of three distinct architects—that the southern bank and ditch are due to Agricola, the central vallum to Hadrian, and the northern wall and fosse to Severus. But assuredly Tacitus would not have been silent on the subject had the father-in-law of whom he is the biographer taken any part in a work of such importance. On the principle that "expressio unius est exclusio alterius," Agricola may perhaps be safely put out of court, for Tacitus, who speaks to his building forts, says not a word about the wall. Then did Hadrian construct the entire barrier, or only the vallum which

\* The *Wallet-Book of the Roman Wall, a Guide to Pilgrims journeying along the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus*. By the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., F.S.A. London: Longman & Co. 1863.



bears his name? Mr. Bruce is evidently a partisan of the former of the two theories, and would fain believe that Hadrian was the sole architect. We are inclined to think that the weight of historical testimony is against him, and that the circumstantial evidence of the case is hardly as strong in his favour as the writer would have us think. Mr. Bruce lays much stress on the fact that Herodian, the contemporary of Severus, makes no allusion to the building of the wall by that Emperor, and that Xiphiline's abridgement of the lost portion of Dion Cassius (also a contemporary) refers to a wall dividing the island in the time of Severus, "by which dwelt the Meatae," but that it fails to assert that Severus was the constructor. Granting that the silence of Herodian would, if not counterbalanced by the express testimony of others, tell against Severus and, therefore, in favour of Hadrian, the secondary evidence of Xiphiline is at best too neutral to admit of any positive inference. Then comes Spartian, who tells us that Hadrian "murum primus duxit;" and Mr. Bruce appears to attach some importance to the fact that the true signification of *murus* is a stone wall, coupled with the circumstance that there is but one stone wall on the barrier. But as Spartian proceeds to state that Severus fortified the island with a wall (*muro*) drawn across it, and as it is admitted that *murus* and *vallum* are occasionally used interchangeably, no weight is due to the technical signification of *murus* as attributed to Hadrian, while the assertion is direct that Severus constructed a line of fortification which (as Hadrian's share in the *vallum* is undisputed) was in all probability the northern rampart of stone.

The classical historians of a later date directly affirm that Severus was the builder of the wall. In his larger work, Mr. Bruce quotes Eusebius Pamphilus, Aurelius Victor, and half-a-dozen others, all to this effect; but having done so, he coolly throws his own sword into the opposite scale, with the observation that "these authors probably only re-echo the errors of Spartian, with a slight addition of errors of their own." Unquestionably, if inscriptions are polled, there is a great majority in favour of Hadrian, those of Severus being extremely rare. But this is in some degree counterbalanced by the fact that an ancient quarry a mile west of Birdoswald, the largest station on the line, and which it is impossible to doubt supplied stone for the construction of the wall, is inscribed with the names of Aper and Maximus—consuls in the reign of Severus. To this circumstance Mr. Bruce allows, we think, unduly little weight, and, in spite of the proximity of the quarry to the wall, would have us believe that it was wrought for some ordinary purpose at the period in question.

Our early historians, Gildas and Bede among the number, attribute the construction to the period of the Roman exodus from Britain. The invasion of Alaric had acted as a stern summons homeward, and after this, as the Saxon Chronicle tells, "the Romans never ruled in England." Bede, evidently confounding the two lines of the work, gives the following version of the raising of the wall:—

Quinetiam quod et hoc sociis quos derelinquere cogebantur (Romani) aliquid commodi allaturum putabant, murum a mari ad mare recto tramite inter urbes quæ ibidem ob metum hostium factæ fuerant, ubi et Severus quondam vallum fecerat, firmo de lapide locatur; quem videlicet murum hactenus famosum atque conspicuum, summi publico privatoque, adjunctâ secum Britannorum manu, construebant.

Whoever may have planned the work in question, it is pretty generally agreed, on the testimony of inscriptions found on it, that its actual builders were the soldiers of the "Legio Secunda Augusta" and the "Legio Sexta Victrix." The former, according to Warburton, constructed the first and third quarters, reckoning from the east, the latter the second and fourth. The Notitia Imperii, which dates prior to the departure of the Romans, furnishes a complete list of the Wall Stations, with the troops quartered at each, and has enabled us, by aid of the legionary inscriptions, to identify the places where they are found, with their Roman designations as far as Birdoswald; westward of which, Mr. Bruce tells us, "no inscriptions have been found to enable us to identify the stations with anything like certainty." It is noticeable that along the line of wall every variety of worship may be traced in altars and inscriptions, with the exception of the Christian, of which there is not a vestige throughout. The fact, however, must not be taken for more than it is worth in its bearing on our estimate of the diffusion of Christianity at the period in question; for it should be borne in mind that the spirit of the Roman worship inclined to altars and inscriptions—not so that of Christian worship.

To the merits of this little volume we may add that it is well furnished with maps, engravings, and, last not least, an index. The illustrations of inscriptions are, necessarily, less complete in number than those of Warburton, and the views, in point of artistic character, are far behind the admirable lithographs which are to be found in the author's earlier work. But, as far as they go, they are satisfactory, and apparently faithful. In truth, however, both woodcut and lithograph, however excellent, fail to satisfy the requirements of the subject. A complete photographic series of the inscriptions and memorials connected with the wall throughout its course is now a national desideratum. Dispersed as they are, these Sibylline leaves lose half their value and significance. We trust that Mr. Bruce's handbook may be the means of stimulating some competent artist to undertake a task, the conditions of which can alone be satisfied by the peculiar capabilities of photography.

## THEOCRITUS.\*

WE learn from the preface that this edition was projected many years ago, but was laid aside for other more pressing matters. It is now put forth in a small and compact form, short annotatory footnotes being its peculiar feature, and critical disquisition, as well as multiplication of various readings, the exception to its general rule. It needed not Mr. Paley's preface, however, to inform us that this new *Theocritus* has been on the stocks for the last ten years and more. The very compendiousness of the little volume before us tells us its own tale. When a Greek or Latin author is to be edited within a given and limited time, there is a strong temptation to mass together the lucubrations of many commentators, and to be extremely chary of that exercise of thought which is needed for the process of selecting what is worth notice, and discarding what is worthless. The Sibyl's volumes increased in value as their number and bulk grew less; and, in like manner, we suspect, in classical editions there is more real money's worth in that one which, in concise Latin notes, exhibits such readings and conjectures as deserve notice, and confines its explanations to passages which need them, and where they are acceptable, than in those which are full to overflowing of annotations good, bad, and indifferent, having for their end and object nothing else than book-making. But this truth is one which editors are naturally slow to learn. Even in Mr. Paley's long and large row of editions, backed with his name, bulk has sometimes been too tolerantly regarded. Latterly, however, his practice has been tending to the creditable extreme of which his *Theocritus* is a notable example. The *Hesiod* which he edited some two or three years since, in the *Bibliotheca Classica*, is, among its other claims to commendation, distinguishable among its fellows as the thinnest volume in that now voluminous series. The *Theocritus* achieves far more. It is the best, as well as the briefest, of commentaries on the Syracusan bard; and though, as those who are familiar with the *Idylls* know, they abound in difficulties both of text and interpretation, candid examination will show that, in this edition, no such difficulties are left unattempted, and few unsolved. Availing himself of the best MSS. and editions, more especially that of Ziegler in 1844, Mr. Paley tacitly adopts in each passage that reading which seems best, rarely admitting a conjecture without apprising the reader. At the same time, his words and his work assure us that he has well and thoroughly weighed the reading, sense, connexion, and authority of every single verse of his author. Hence it comes forth a finished edition, deserving of a place in the same class and rank of editions as the *Bobrius* of the late Sir G. C. Lewis, which is generally admitted to be a model and pattern of a compendious edition. This is no mean merit, for few professional editors of the Classics have either that love of conciseness or that abhorrence of waste of words which characterized the scholarly productions of that most learned yet, withal, most practical mind. If editors would become more emulous of this praise, the result would be seen in the rolling away of much unnecessary mistiness from those classic pages in which lies, still to a great extent hidden by reason of the cumbrous overgrowth of commentaries, an inexhaustible store of light, knowledge, grace, sweetness, and beauty. Their true wisdom surely consists in this, to take time over their work, and to hold the consideration, how much they can achieve, secondary to that other, how well they can accomplish what they take in hand.

But, besides conciseness and brevity, the world of scholars has other substantial gain to ascribe to Mr. Paley's having been so many years in digesting his edition of *Theocritus*. *Theocritus* was emphatically a learned poet, one of a brilliant circle of minstrels, in a city famous for its literary treasures and associations, at a period when, though the most glorious poets of Greece had long departed, there was a keener zest for their immortal works than perhaps at any time before or since. A study of some of the Alexandrian poets reveals to us a trifle of pedantry; but *Theocritus* is an exception. His learning is never thrust, head and shoulders, into his verses; and yet it is evident that it underlies all his compositions. Hence it is natural that light may frequently be thrown on obscure passages in them by comparison with passages of more ancient poets, the subjects of his unconscious imitation. Mr. Paley's notes show that he is alive to this. Having, in the interval between the conception and the publication of his *Theocritus*, edited *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Hesiod* entirely, he has been able, through intimate acquaintance with every word of these poets, to throw on many a dark place the convincing light of a striking parallel—a help quite distinct from those trite, worn-out quotations which have done duty in Heindort and Briggs, in Valkenauer and Kiessling, and any number of annotators of *Theocritus*. It is one thing to re-indorse old quotations in compliance with custom; it is another to apply new and apposite parallels with the minute accuracy of an editor of the authors whence they are drawn. A specimen of successful application of this familiarity with *Æschylus*, for example, to the elucidation of *Theocritean* difficulties may be seen in the 15th *Idyll*, v. 119:—

χωραι δὲ σκιάδες, μαλακῶ βελβοντες ἀνέθω  
διέμανθ'.

Here, in illustration of the peculiar construction of the masculine participle with the sense of *σκιάδες* rather than the actual word,

\* *Theocritus. Recensuit et brevi Annotatione instruxit F. A. Paley, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. 1863.*

which is feminine, a reference is given to Æschyl. *Agamemnon*, 545, where *λειμόνια δρόποι* is similarly connected with *τίθεντες ἐνθρονον τριχα*, the masculine participle with the idea in the poet's mind, and not his actual expression. This is a single instance; but open this volume where we may, there is no lack of proof what good service, in interpreting Theocritus, Mr. Paley's familiarity with the Greek dramatists has rendered him.

Nor has his experimental knowledge of later authors than Theocritus stood him in less stead. There are not a few passages in the *Idylls* which even Dr. Wordsworth, in his useful edition, and his acute, too early lost brother, John Wordsworth, gave up as hopeless. Time, pains, and research in new fields have enabled Mr. Paley to work wonders with some of these. His knowledge of Propertius, who, be it remembered, very closely copied the Alexandrian school of poetry, has availed to explain and elucidate many obscure points. And this knowledge, like that of Æschylus and Euripides, has come in the most thorough way, by editing the poet's remains in a volume which is the best English edition of them. For example, in the fifth *Idyll*, v. 121, occurs the verse:—

σεύλας ἰὼν γραιῖς ἀπὸ σάματος αὐτίκα τῖλλοις.

We profess that the meaning of this was as Hebrew to us, until Mr. Paley made it intelligible. Of course, it was meant for chaff of some kind; but why was Lacon to pluck "old squills from a tomb?" Commentators either shirked the difficulty, or increased it. The clever translator, Chapman, did not wish to own himself in the dark, so he boldly translated

Go, from the tomb pluck grey squills—for a lashing!

There is nothing about *lashing* in the text, nor any reason for importing into this passage an allusion to a custom which can have nothing to do with it. A very moderate share of wit might help any one to see that the squills were to be sought for some other purpose than as scourges for the finder; but, no doubt, some venerable commentator put the idea into Chapman's head. Paley's note, however, makes it all plain, explaining the purport of the taunt of Comatas thus simply and concisely:—"Hæc Laconi: 'bilis remedium quære collectis ex tumulo (ubi optimè crescere putabantur, Propert. v. 5, 11) herbis.' Similia Comate retorquet Lacon." It is to correct his bile, unduly roused, as it is insinuated, by the superiority of his rival in pastoral song, that Lacon is counselled to go a-squill-hunting.

But there is another newly discovered field from which Mr. Paley has derived several even more telling illustrations of Theocritus than those from Propertius. The discovery of the Fables of Babrius, or, at any rate, the promulgation of them in this country, in Sir G. C. Lewis's edition, is of a more recent date than most previous editions of Theocritus. New light on Theocritus is to be expected from Babrius, whom some foreign editors actually believe, from his metre and diction, to have lived about the time of Bion and Moschus. Though this notion has been demonstrated to be unsound, it is undeniable that the fables savour of the Alexandrian poets and grammarians; and if so, in them there will probably occur expressions and phrases tending to fix the meaning of doubtful passages in Theocritus. With keen scent Mr. Paley has traced out many of these, and admirably turned to account his careful study of Babrius. Thus, in the 7th *Idyll*, at the 23rd verse, there is a difference in the opinions of commentators as to the true sense of the epithet in the verse:—

οὐδ' ἐπιτυμβίδι κορυβαλλίδες ἡλαινόντι;

The majority of annotators and translators have taken *ἐπιτυμβίδι* to mean "erected," "cristate," and C. S. C., an accomplished scholar, in his *Verses and Translations* renders the verse—

The crested lark hath closed his wandering wing.

But Mr. Paley, it strikes us, has done very much towards finally settling the question the other way, when he quotes Babr. Fab. lxxii. 20, *κορυβαλλίδες ὄν τάφος παίων*, to show that *ἐπιτυμβίδι* signifies "tumulus insidentis," and not "cristate," and strengthens his case by a similar use of the same adjective in the *Choephore* of Æschylus. With like acuteness, comparing Babr. Fab. xxiii. 1-2—

Βοηλάτης ἄνθρωπος εἰς μακρὰν ἔλκων  
ταύρον κραιπνὴν ἀποδίους ἀνέζητει,

with the 43rd verse of the 14th *Idyll*, he conjectures the true reading to be—

αἶνος θὴν λέγεται τὸ, 'βίβακιν ταύρος ἀν' ἔλκων.'

in place of the old and doubtful text—

αἶνος θὴν λέγεται τις· ἔβα καὶ ταύρος ἀν' ἔλκων.

Again, in the 10th verse of that most delightful *Idyll*, "The Fishermen" (xxi.), commentators from time out of mind have expended their time and wits in seeking the true reading in place of τὰ ζυγαῖντά τε λῆλα. Mr. Paley unhesitatingly adopts the reading of Briggæ, *ἐλληνα* (from *ἐλίσσῃ*), for τε λῆλα, establishing the fact that ancient fishermen did bait with sea-weed by quoting Babrius, Fab. vi. 10:—

ἐπὶν δὲ πλεσθεῖς ζυγαῖν θαλασσαιῶν  
μήγας γένουμαι.

On sea-weed food ere long grown rich and fine.

We might add the illustration of *κέρποι*, "Texta vimine decipula," in the next verse by the use of the word in Babrius Fab. lxi., and other equal successful illustrations of Theocritus from Babrius. But those already indicated may suffice.

Often, moreover, without any such aid of apposite parallels, the mere force of patient thought and the help of time have led Mr. Paley to the right solution of a difficulty. It is astonishing how often, after puzzling one's brains in wading through whole pages of learned conjecture, some simple light-of-nature explanation clears up the dark places in the classics. An instance occurs in *Idyll* xvii. 121-3:—

μῶντος δὲ προτέρων τε καὶ ὧν ἐτι θερμὰ κόνια  
στιβομένη καθύπερθε ποδῶν ἐκμάσσεται ἰχνη,  
ματρὶ φίλα καὶ πατρὶ θνύδας ἴσταιο ναοῦς.

In Bohn's translation this is rendered, in accordance with the most approved commentaries, "This man, alone of men of former ages, impresses the footprints of his parents, yet warm in the dust as he treads above them." And Chapman's metrical version gives the same sense; yet it is scarcely possible, after reading the explanation of Mr. Paley, to doubt that this is all wrong, and that he possesses the true key to the passage. He takes ὧν ἐτι θερμὰ κόνια—ἐκμάσσεται ἰχνη, h.e. "those of whose yet warm footprints the dust trodden above shows the impression," to be a periphrasis for "the living," "qui adhuc etiam vivunt," h.e. "quorum vestigia recentia super terram signata sunt." And thus, coupling *πρότερων τε* with the words included in this periphrasis, we get an exhaustive division, and Ptolemy is lauded above all men whether "quick or dead." So also in *Idyll* xvi. 87, we cannot doubt that he is right in explaining *ἀριθματοῦς ἀπὸ πολλῶν*, said of the remnant of an army, as "few instead of many"—a simple solution, which has not always been perceived. In truth, common sense has a great deal to do with soundness of interpretation. It is always high time to despair when a commentator in perplexity gives signs that he is taking leave of this guide. This is most uncommon in Mr. Paley, though we cannot help remarking the appearance of something very like it in his strange argument for the probable emendation of Ahrens, *ἀρεως* for *ἀρτω* in *Idyll* xxi. 45, where the usually received text makes Asphalion say, "for even in sleep every dog scents loaves, and so do I a fish." For "loaves" Mr. Paley would substitute "bears," which is quite probable. What we object to is his reason, which is questionable in point of fact, and so questionable in form that we regret the absence of a table of "errata." "Lectionem ἀρτων vel ἀρτωσ ἀβυσθῶν est; cum panem ferè aversetur canis." The editor of Theocritus may speak for his own dog; but we doubt whether a show of paws at a dog-show would affirm his statement *nem. com.*

There is one point on which, from his lateness in taking the field, the present editor of Theocritus is enabled to comprehend and to refute the arguments of gainsayers. He can interpose his *non placet*, and show cause for so doing, to a classical heresy of modern growth which cannot be too soon or too thoroughly exploded. It is said, forsooth, that the Greek and Latin poets had no keen sense of natural beauty, or appreciation of rural scenery. This crotchet has its weighty supporters. But Mr. Paley shows in his preface that they must not appeal to Theocritus and Virgil for confirmation of this outrageous theory, which it would be easy to upset in the case of the other chief poets of antiquity. It is not, indeed, the province of a Bucolic poet to use the beauties of nature save as a background—rustic characters, rustic manners, and pastoral simplicity occupying the foreground. So, when the graceful poet of the *Idylls* gives us touches of nature, they are appropriately brief and sketchy, but withal wonderfully telling. Portions of the 7th *Idyll*, from which Mr. Paley quotes, are often adduced to prove this. We would refer as confidently to the 22nd *Idyll*, vv. 35-43, for which we give Mr. Chapman's very truthful version:—

On a high rock a forest did appear;  
The brothers found there a perennial spring,  
Under a smooth rock, filled with water clear,  
With pebbles paved, which from below did ring  
A crystal sheen like silver glistening;  
The poplar, plane, tall pine, and cypress grew  
Hard by; and odoriferous flowers did thither bring  
Thick swarms of bees, their sweet toil to pursue,  
As many as in the meads, when spring ends, bloom to view.

(Stanza 5.)

Yet, perhaps, the poet's sense of the beauties of nature is not less strikingly evidenced by those many lines and half lines, such as—

ὦ βάθος ἕλας Μύριον—(viii. 49-50)

ἀλλ' εἰ τῷ θίρεος παρ' ἔδωρ ῥέον αἰθροκοῦν—(Ibid. 77)

which are strewn up and down the *Idylls*.

Time illustrates all things. Days of old and their deeds are apt to repeat themselves, and light is thrown unexpectedly on the past, when some old world scene is re-enacted in modern life. When examining that portion of the notes of this edition which bears upon the famous pugilistic encounter between Pollux and Amycus (*Idyll* xxii. 75-134), we quite expected to come upon some neat Latin allusion to the modern historical parallel of the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers. It is a remarkably close one, as was pointed out in a letter to the *Times* on the occasion of that memorable encounter by a literary clerk in one of the Government offices, whose citation from the translation of Theocritus in Mr. Bohn's series not only recalled scholars to the parallel, but also attracted the notice of the fancy. But such modern matters may be beneath the dignity of a Cambridge editor. This might be easily excused. But why is it, we ask, in conclusion, that no editor of Theocritus handles, as it might be handled by a scholar who should turn his attention to it, the question of the probable acquaintance



of Theocritus with the Septuagint? The 16th, 18th, 20th, and 24th Idylls furnish, here and there, startling resemblances to the language of the Psalmist and of Isaiah. And these Idylls were in all probability written at Alexandria—written where the work of the Seventy Elders was completed and preserved. A deeper examination than has yet been made into the causes of the coincidence, and into the extent of the poet's acquaintance, if any, with the Greek version of the Old Testament, would claim an interest at the hands of theologians as well as scholars. Mr. Paley does not touch the subject even in passing, nor yet give any references to the Sacred Scriptures, where the text of Theocritus distinctly calls for such. For all practical purposes, however, as the foregoing remarks have been intended to show, this new edition of Theocritus is calculated to be most serviceable to scholars, whether younger or of more mature age.

#### THE CRUISE OF THE ST. GEORGE.\*

WHY do people write books like this? Such is the question inevitably prompted by the perusal of Mr. Denny's book. It would be a curious study to analyse the mental condition of a man who thinks it is his duty to give to the world a work in which there is so little to compensate the world for the trouble of reading it. Not but that the subject-matter is interesting enough. The cruise of a grand first-rate man-of-war, conveying a son of the Queen of England to some of the most beautiful dependencies of the British crown, might, by tolerable care and skill, be worked up into a story full of interest and amusement. The scenery of the West Indies, and the impressions which it produces upon a sensible and cultivated man, have not been so often or so accurately described but that a man with observant eyes and a sense of beauty might find ample materials for the instruction and delectation of those who derive pleasure from the word-painting of external nature. And, if this were too trite a subject to admit of adornment, the charm of novelty might reasonably have been anticipated from the peculiar circumstances under which the North American colonies and West India islands were visited. The unwanted excitement which the visit of Prince Alfred caused in those beautiful but rather stagnant regions, the animation of the dusky crowds who thronged about him, the speeches of the dignitaries who welcomed him, the quaint *patois* of the "darkies" who criticized him, the jealousies and heart-burnings of the motley assemblies who *fêted* him—all these, if literally and truthfully transcribed, or cleverly and artistically caricatured, would have constituted the materials for a work possessing a value beyond that which is stamped by the power of affording immediate and temporary amusement. But, in every quality that could instruct or amuse, this work is lamentably deficient. It contains little of minute description, less of original wit, and few funny anecdotes. Whether Mr. Denny's facetiousness is of that kind which is relished by the mess of the gun-room ward, we cannot pretend to say. If it is, we regret that it should have been dragged out of its congenial arena, where passages like the following were regarded as flashes of genuine wit:—

I have met with very few men who liked the sea *per se*. Truly a special angel watches over naval officers and—no, I won't couple "Drunken men" with naval officers, but soften it down and say—inebriated individuals.

In beauties of this kind this book is most fertile. Perhaps it is not exaggeration to say that the logic which adorns its pages is worthy of the playful wit to which it serves as a foil. Every one knows that the intellectual proficiency of the negro is a moot question in tropical colonies. Every body knows, too, that the mulatto and his many-coloured correlatives do often possess very quick powers of apprehension, a retentive memory, and no small ambition; and that many of them, although they have never exhibited the highest kind of intellect or anything like genius, have distinguished themselves by their attainments and accomplishments. The inference is obvious enough that this mixture of bloods does in some way sharpen the wits. Now this is the inference which our author adroitly misses:—

One thing (he says) I cannot help noticing, and that is the very superior intelligence of the quadroons and mulattoes (of Barbadoes) generally to any I have hitherto met; a strong proof, I imagine, that the black race are not by any means, as some assert, incapable of improvement and education.

Note the line of argument. The mulattoes (half white and half black) and the quadroons (three-fourths white and one-fourth black), are, in Barbadoes, superior in intelligence to the same mixed races in other colonies; ergo, this proves—not something peculiar to Barbadoes or its inhabitants, but—the general capacity of the whole black race! It is certainly funny to observe what conclusions some persons do contrive to reach from their premisses.

A clever and observant author, visiting the West Indies in company with a Prince of the Blood, might have photographed for study at home scenes of social life such as no untravelled English family can picture in imagination. That want both of courtliness and cordiality of manner which first chills and then diverts the stranger, but which by no means argues unalterable coldness of feeling; that absence of the diffidence and the shyness which in England are regarded as so becoming to the young; that general self-assertion and social equality which are to be found as much in some English colonies as in America, and which are indige-

nous to every country where aristocratic distinctions and hereditary landed estates do not exist, together with a total want of the more delicate traits of social refinement, due to the same cause, but unaccompanied by anything like positive coarseness and offensive pretension—these might have furnished material for much lively and truthful portraiture. Again, that curious reaction of the manner of the "free and independent" negroes upon the manner and deportment of the unceremonious whites; that mutual ignorance so amusingly affected by Creole families which have grown up and lived within a few hundred yards of each other on a tiny island for a score of years; that feminine beauty which owes so much to eyes not unconscious of something like African expression, and so little to complexion—all these things might be supposed to strike a traveller smitten with the *cacoethes scribendi*. Who that has once seen a colonial fine lady at St. Kitt's or Antigua, aping what she believed to be the grand style of a British countess or duchess, could fail to perpetuate the delicious reminiscence? Who that has once seen young ladies in their teens fixed with adhesive tenacity to their chairs, and thence, by way of salutation, tossing their heads at expected guests, however much older than themselves these might be, could ever forget a type of life which, new, strange, and at first repelling, afterwards proved to be neither devoid of cordiality nor of enjoyment? And who that has once listened to the scathing accents in which a lady with one-eighth of dark blood in her veins has repelled the insolent advances of another lady whose dark blood was in the proportion of one-fourth, will ever forget the look, the language, and the mien of the insulted one?

We have said that Mr. Denny has very few good stories. In justice to him, however, we will quote two. At St. John's, Antigua, a ball was given to the Prince. From this ball all people of colour were to be rigorously excluded; and the exclusion was to be enforced by a sentry, who was himself coloured. At the appointed time a person of colour presented himself among the other guests for admittance; he was well-dressed, and respectable in appearance. But the sentry was obdurate:—

"You can't pass heah. I hab ordahs dat no negro be admittid," said he firmly.

"Who are you calling a negro, sir? Don't you see I'm a gentleman?" was the reply of the would-be guest.

"Yes, sah, a coloured *generalman*. It's all de same, sah; niggah or coloured *generalman*."

The other story is good as showing to what a pitch of Sybaritish indolence the negro can, by proper training, attain. At Kingston, our author asks a negro where he can buy some tobacco:—

"Tobacco!" he drawled out.

"Yes, tobacco for smoking."

"Why, dere's some to be got up dere," he replied, pointing in an indefinite way.

"Where? Up this street? This side of the way?"

"Yes; 'spose so." And no further information could be got from him.

But nothing in the way of anecdote, and nothing of the author's own supposed drollery, approaches the veritable oration addressed in all seriousness to His Royal Highness, on landing in the Bahamas, by the gentleman who, in December 1861, was guiding the destinies of a colony which had not as yet emerged into the notoriety now given to it by the American civil war. Fancy any respectable gentleman in a silver and blue coat deliberately hurling at a young prince such a piece of verbal mosaic as that which we give below, and expecting his august listener to maintain a dignified composure:—

The anticipation of the arrival of the noble ship *St. George*, with your Royal Highness, in the clear waters that lave the coral reefs and shady shores of the Bahamas and its submarine gardens, teeming with animal and vegetable life of great beauty, variety, and utility, had already caused a thrill of delight among all classes residing in this remote western maritime colony of the British Empire.

There is in this oration a mixture of fancy and of fact, of poetry and economics, which we commend to the attention of all official rhetoricians. While the mind is distracted by the manifold images of "clear waters" and "submarine gardens," and finally reposes in the notion that the *St. George's* arrival was expected among the Nereids, it is called back to the world of fact by the well-timed allusion to the utility as well as beauty of the sharks, the barracoutas, and the sea-eggs, no less than by the precision with which the geographical and physical conditions of the colony are detailed.

It is an old observation, that from the worst book a man may glean something new or noticeable. Mr. Denny's book excuses an apophthegm which sins on the side of good-nature. No one would expect any very profound remarks from him on the social or religious condition of any colony. But he does tell us two things about Jamaica which are worth knowing. The religious revivalism which carried the half-taught fanatics of Ireland and Scotland to the borders of raving insanity hurried the more excitable negro into the very depths of the most horrible blasphemy. This might have been expected. The moral drunkenness of a revival gathering would be a stimulating change after the comparative dulness of an Obeah meeting; and the scenes which would be enacted at the former might reasonably be expected to combine the brutality of African paganism with the obscenity of a Mormon love-feast. Our author tells us such was the case. He also tells us—what is worth knowing—that there were some negro Creoles acute enough to see, and honest enough to protest against, the flagrant excesses and impudent hypocrisy of their compatriot Revivalists. Perhaps few persons who have not been in Jamaica

\*An Account of the Cruise of the *St. George* on the North American and East Indian Stations, during the years 1861–1862. By N. B. Denny, Assistant-Paymaster, R.N. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

can imagine the hideous licentiousness of life and foulness of language in which a large portion of the negro population of Kingston and Spanish Town luxuriates. Men who have walked the streets of Naples will be accented in words less loud, but not less filthy, in the streets of Kingston. But this is not the worst of it. As the wretched pimps and panders that the moral putrescence of the Italian city generates in unwholesome abundance are devout Catholics of their sort, so not a few of the most abandoned negroes of Kingston are devout Christians after the requirements of the prevailing sect. Insolent, lazy, profligate, and obscene, they form no small part of those congregations on whose religious advancement the ministers of English Zions and Bethshaddas, in utter ignorance of the real state of things, expatiate with a gratitude which, however sincere, is totally misplaced. On this subject we must remark that the cause of common honesty and common sense would gain by an impartial inquiry into the actual results of a system which has taught the West Indian negro to glose the language of the passions with the phraseology of Scripture, and to reconcile the discipline of the Baptist Church with the neglect of every moral duty and the practice of every low vice. Modern times have seen few impostures more impudent than the pretence that the diffusion of fanaticism has repressed any negro vices or developed any negro virtues in the cities of the West Indies. At a time when the question is raised of negro attainments as well as negro pretensions, it may be well to remind our countrymen that hitherto the most patent and obvious fruits of sectarian preaching among the negroes of our colonial towns have been a dexterity in combining sensuality with superstition, the cant of the Conventicle with the slang of Petticoat Lane, and a signal preference of the practice of the Hebrews in the case of the Egyptians to the practical example of honest labour set by the chief of the Apostles. When Mr. Newman Hall and his reverend friends are sounding the "rights of the negro" as the war-cry of alliance with a race which hates the negro even more than it pretends to hate slavery, it is a reasonable observation to note what twenty-five years of freedom have done for this dusky pet of the Calvinistic platform. And we are grateful even to a dull matter-of-fact book which brings this result before us in the dulllest and most commonplace way. In this respect, Mr. Denny's work only confirms the testimony of other and less impartial writers. But his lethargic indifference to the general bearings of his facts makes his evidence all the more valuable.

#### THE NORTH-DEVON SCENERY-BOOK.\*

TRAVELLERS in Devonshire seem to labour under a delusion curiously like that which affects travellers in Switzerland. The Swiss tourist devoutly believes that Chamouni is in Switzerland, and the Devonshire tourist no less devoutly believes that Exmoor is in Devon. Mr. Tugwell writes a very pretty and pleasant book about North Devon, seemingly in utter unconsciousness that some of the places which appear to have pleased him most, and his description of which will most please his readers, are not in Devon at all. He goes on Exmoor, he enjoys its breezes, he looks at its antiquities, he collects its legends, he or his companion sketches Simonsbath, he admires the river Barle, he proposes to trace its course from its source to its junction with the Exe, he pronounces it to be the most satisfactory trout stream in the North of Devon, without a hint that the moor, its breezes, its antiquities, and its legends, the whole course of the river Barle, and all the trout that are in it, belong not to Devon, but to another county. Now it is very proper to go to Chamouni, and very proper to go to Simonsbath, but it is surely not too much to ask that those who go to either will take the trouble to find out where they are when they have got there. Where Chamouni now is it is unpleasant to have to say, but nobody need have any scruple in saying that Exmoor and Simonsbath, and the whole course of the Barle, are not in Devon, but in Somerset. Let us try to put a charitable construction on both errors. Let us hope that the prevalent belief that Chamouni is in Switzerland is grounded on a firm conviction that Chamouni ought to be in Switzerland. Let us hope that the geographical error of thinking that Exmoor is in Devon arises from a careful, if one-sided, attention to local speech. A moor, which in most parts of the island means high ground, means in the greater part of Somersetshire very low ground. In other places people go up to the moors, while in Somersetshire they go down. Thus Dartmoor and Sedgemoor are two quite different sorts of places. If Monmouth had fought his battle on Dartmoor, he would doubtless have found other obstacles in his way, but he would not have found the particular obstacle of a Busset Rhine. But Exmoor, though in Somersetshire, is a moor of the Dartmoor and not of the Sedgemoor type. It is very distinctly a moor to which people go up, and do not go down. Mr. Tugwell at least found it so; for he speaks of "toiling up the broken ascent," and at last he finds himself "some thousand feet above the Atlantic breakers." Mr. Tugwell's figures seem rather to need a Colenso to bring them within the compass of any recorded survey; still, they point to the marked difference between Exmoor and Sedgemoor, where you need dykes and sea-walls to keep the "Atlantic breakers" from being above you. Mr. Tugwell doubtless found Exmoor so

much more like Dartmoor than Sedgemoor that he thought it must be in the county where you go up to the moors, and not in that where you go down to them.

Let Mr. Tugwell, then, give a few minutes to an Ordnance map, and let him also cut out two or three pages at each end of his book, and a very pleasant little volume he will make it. It is a mistake to give out the book as the journal of "Mr. Andrew Carnegie, clerk in the office of Messrs. Carsford and Gristone, merchants, of Bristol," the more so as hardly any attempt is made to keep up the character of a Bristol clerk after the first three or four pages. Messrs. Carsford and Gristone seem to have been men of unusual liberality towards those employed by them. Mr. Carnegie

was sent by his employers on a matter of business to the chief towns in the North of Devon, with the understanding that he was to combine with his work all the pleasure which in the given time he might be able to extract from the country through which he travelled.

We read a good deal of his pleasure and nothing of his business, but, on his return, he is promoted for his services to the rank of cashier, on the strength of which he marries a certain Caroline, and, unlike the ungracious brides and bridegrooms in the *Times*, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie end by presenting their cards to the reader. Now all this might pass if the assumed character were at all kept up, but in all the intermediate part of the book it is utterly lost. The tastes displayed, and the way of looking at everything, are not those of a Bristol clerk, but those of Mr. Tugwell, M.A. of Oxford, and Mr. Scougall, M.A. of Cambridge. Very pleasant companions we should think both of them must be, and they would have done better to have told their own adventures in their own persons rather than to have attempted a flimsy disguise which is let fall at once. Scenery, local legends, antiquities, natural history, are all in their line, as they all should be in the line of any one who attempts such a ramble. Bits of history, philology, foreign literature, and even metaphysics, crop out ever and anon in a way which is quite natural in the journal of two University men, but quite unnatural in that of any Bristol clerk or cashier. These incidental speculations are not always very profound, but they are the speculations of educated and accomplished men. When Mr. Tugwell gets to a church, he lets the cloak fall still more distinctly. It is amusing to see how, in such a case, the professional instinct peeps out, for we find by the *Clergy List* that Mr. Tugwell and Mr. Scougall are twin curates of Ilfracombe. Whether the church is as it should be or as it should not be, in either case Mr. Tugwell, quite unconsciously we doubt not, but very unmistakably, preaches.

The whole book is pleasantly written; but we think we are most pleased with some of the local stories which Mr. Tugwell professes to have taken down from the mouths of peasants, seafaring men, and persons of various classes. The region with which he has to do is one in which many a primitive superstition still lingers. Pixies still abound on the moors, and houses nearer the coast are haunted by various unpleasant and invisible visitors. Some of these latter stories Mr. Tugwell, with every probability, rationalizes into tales of real bodily smugglers, whom their accomplices found it convenient to treat as invisible to honest lodgers and honest folk generally. Witches and warlocks still play their wicked will, and the Devil, according to the inveterate precedent of popular stories, appears to make bargains, and to be cleverly cheated out of them. We remember, years ago, in a book in some respects akin to Mr. Tugwell's—Mr. J. McNeale's *Hieroglyphus*—some curious speculations as to the popular and undoubtedly mediæval notion of the fiend as something not only hateful but contemptible, something to be mocked at and outwitted, something, as Mr. Neale says, utterly unlike the Satan of Milton. Here is a specimen:—

No great while ago the Rector of a small country parish in the neighbourhood of Barnstaple was engaged in the good work of restoring the chancel of his church, which had fallen out of decent repair during previous years of indifference and quietism.

One morning the workmen who were then removing the chancel floor came to him in great triumph, with a small stone box in their hands, "Here a be, Zur!" said they, "Us allus sed az ow us ud vaine mun!"

After due examination of the relic, and much inquiry into the matter, the Rector pieced together the following story, which, it must be remembered, is still devoutly credited in the village in question.

There was a certain young woman, a parishioner of the last Rector, who, though not without personal attractions, was without the orthodox sweetheart in which country maidens are wont to indulge. She was constantly twitted by her companions with this omission of hers, and one day, as she was just setting off on horseback to Barnstaple Fair, the jeering became so excessive that, in a passion, she said she would get a sweetheart at the Fair, even if it were "the Gentleman-in-black" himself.

So she rode away alone; and so she came back alone, not having succeeded in attaching to herself the requisite follower during the day.

Just, however, as evening was closing in, and she was nearing her home, she was accosted by a tall, dark, good-looking stranger, with whom she fell into friendly conversation, and found him to be so agreeable that she speedily invited him to mount her horse, and to conclude his remarks in her own house.

After this the stranger demeaned himself as a recognised sweetheart would; he was constantly calling at her house, and speedily became the favourite subject of the village gossips, who all agreed that he was—no better than he should be, and, probably, a great deal worse.

He had a strange habit of arriving about nightfall and of departing shortly before daybreak—which, naturally, scandalized the good people of the village; and at last it became a common thing for some of the more adventurous boys and maidens to assemble in a crowd before the windows of the house where he was, and to strive, vainly enough, to see what was going on inside the carefully closed shutters. But they had the satisfaction of hearing loud laughter and singing; and it was discovered that the unknown

\* *The North-Devon Scenery-Book*. By George Tugwell, M.A. Oxon. Illustrated by H. B. Scougall, M.A. Cantab. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1863.



sweetheart had a deep rich voice, and sang beautiful songs which had never been heard before—in North Devon.

But the end of such improper proceedings was, of course, to be expected, and it finally came in a very unexpected manner.

One fine morning the Parson of the parish received an urgent summons to come immediately to the house which had so long furnished a subject of conversation to its neighbours.

On his arrival a strange scene presented itself.

"The unknown" was not visible; but his unlucky lady-love, in a state of more or less dishabille, was seen to be jammed painfully and hopelessly between her bedstead and the wall; and no efforts, either her own or those of her friends, were powerful enough to extricate her from her novel pillory.

She struggled; and the neighbours pulled; and the Parson pulled; but it was all in vain. Neither she or the bedstead could be moved the sixteenth of an inch from their unpleasant proximity.

At last, in answer to the repeated exhortations of the Rector, she confessed that her sweetheart was indeed not nearly so good as he ought to be, and that she was no better than she should be, and that she was now reaping the consequences of the rash speech which she had once made.

She knew, she added, that she must remain where she was till midnight, and that then her fatal sweetheart was to come and take her away. Still, she said, there was one hope left.

If seven Parsons were to be gathered together in the room, and were to solemnly "say words" over her, she would be released, and her late companion would have no further power over her.

But, as the Rector justly remarked, such a revelation was of no material use to her, for in so thinly populated a neighbourhood it was simply impossible to gather seven Parsons within the specified time; and even if, by a stretch of her "lover's" politeness, Dissenting Ministers were allowed to count, the number could not be made up by midnight.

Messengers were, however, despatched in all directions for the desired ecclesiastical aid, and meanwhile the strong secular arm of many an able-bodied neighbour vainly tried to remove the obdurate bedstead and the lamenting damsel from their magical contact.

Day wore on, and the Parsons did not arrive; night came without them. Lights were lit in the chamber where the tragedy was so soon to be consummated, and the hours rolled on as slowly as they do when many people are congregated to see a sad and awful sight which no power of theirs can avert.

At last, a very short while before the destined hour of midnight, a sudden thought—a ray of hope—darted across the Rector's perturbed mind. Sternly calling for silence from the lamenting friends and neighbours of the unhappy woman, he solemnly addressed the beguiling Spirit of Darkness, and bade him answer.

Immediately, in response, a faintly perceptible smell of brimstone was diffused throughout the room.

Thus encouraged, the Rector proceeded to exhort the source of the disagreeable odour, bidding him be ashamed of his persecution of a helpless woman, and asking that, at least, some further time of grace should be allowed her.

But no sound was heard in reply—only a manifest increase of brimstone fumes showed that the Spirit was present, and lively, and determined to exact the terms of his bargain to the uttermost.

Still, the Rector was not discouraged. "Then," he cried, seizing one of the candles, now almost burnt out, "if you will not grant her such grace, you could not for very shame's sake refuse to release her and let her be—until this short candle be burnt out."

A sudden and awful concussion in the room and the immediate removal of the sulphurous smell betokened the Spirit's assent to this harmless proposal.

Whereupon the Rector promptly blew the candle out, carried it away with him, and did not rest that night till he had secured it in a strong stone box, and buried it with his own hands, beneath the chancel floor of his church, where it remained thenceforth in perfect security, beyond the reach of the angry machinations of the baffled fiend.

It is wonderful how these stories go the round of the world. Mixed up with quite different elements, we here find another version of the tale of Meleager and the Fatal Brand. It is not, however, distinctly said whether the candle was found in the stone box, though we are bound to take it for granted.

Here are two very queer superstitions, or rather two queer views of natural history:—

Perhaps the quaintest recipe of all was that of a man who had a watch which went badly. Instead of placing it in the hands of the first peripatetic watch-maker who passed his way, he went out into the woods, caught an adder, and attempted to pull out one of its fangs for the purpose of inserting it into the midst of his irregular time-piece, which he was assured would then go correctly. However, he was so badly bitten by the tormented animal that he had to relinquish his experiment—much, probably, to the advantage of his watch.

A.B. "I think I can match that recipe of yours—which is almost inimitable—with a notion of a certain farmer, who does not live any great distance from Ilfracombe.

"He owned a field which was over-run with Coltsfoot; and, on being condoled with upon the state of his land by a friend, calmly remarked that it was 'no odds,' since he knew how to get rid of the nuisance without any difficulty; he had only (he said) to kill three tom-cats, and bury them in the middle of the field, 'brandis-wis.'

"Which 'maxim' he proceeded to put into practice."

"A brandis," we are very properly told, "is a three-cornered iron stand for kettles, crocks, and the like." Mr. Tugwell tells of some unlucky patients who had to eat a mouse-pie. We wonder whether he has ever come across the strange superstition of being "shrew-struck," and the remedy of the "shrew-ash," described at length in White's *Selborne*.

Speaking of "Simonsbath," one is tempted to ask whether the real *eponymus* is not the mythic Sigmund of the Nibelungen. We are sure that we have seen in Mr. Kemble, or somewhere, this explanation of this otherwise perplexing name, which occurs elsewhere, as at Symondshill in Gloucestershire, one of the highest points of the southern Cotswolds, and Cymons—as we have seen it spelled—Yat, i.e. Gate, near Monmouth. All these are far more likely to be called after the primeval hero than after any Simon of the last six hundred years. And is it going too far to suggest that the *d*, which seems to have intruded itself into the names Symond and Symonds from very early times, may have its origin in this confusion (like so many other confusions of names) between the Teutonic Sigmund and the Scriptural Simon?

Mr. Scougall's coloured illustrations add much to the effect of this pleasant little book, which is as good a specimen of the local handbook as we have seen for a long time.

#### THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.\*

IN a quiescent and receptive mood *The Story of Elizabeth* will be appreciated even by readers accustomed to more stimulating intellectual fare, just as a draught of spring water may refresh the habitual drinker of more potent liquids, or as the scent of sweetbriar has its charms after the essence of millefleurs. We venture to predict that startling novels will soon have had their day. Everybody has read them, everybody has talked about them, and, although nobody has denied their cleverness, there is a sort of reaction felt which will favour the introduction of a new novelist of a different class. *The Story of Elizabeth* will be familiar to the readers of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Several gifts, if not graces, are observable therein. Amongst its most prominent features is the effort to reproduce faithfully, to avoid over-colouring and fine writing—above all, to eschew exaggeration of feeling, and to aim at realism at any price. The attempt to do this has been successful, but at the expense of all beauty of language and grace of style. When writers are so much the slaves of language as at present, and an ornate style is but the disguise of poverty of thought, we can understand why a young author who has something to say should affect a style which is to literature what pre-Raphaelism is to painting. Yet the master of beauty of language is the possessor of that which is still better, for real eloquence is always the fervent utterance of truth. The writer should cultivate the grace without the artifice of style which he wisely rejects.

*The Story of Elizabeth* is not a romance. There is a good deal made out of very little, and that little is rather what the French would call "décousu." Sir John Dampier is a gentleman of the unheroic order—careful, vacillating in mind, and very phlegmatic. He would, and he would not. He talked his affairs over dispassionately with Miss Jean Dampier, his old aunt—a jewel amongst spinsters—who, with a feeling heart, has some of the softer eccentricities of her age and spinsterhood. This shows itself in the characteristic fact that, though she wanted John to marry his cousin Letitia—who had the substantial charms of 50,000*l.* and a house of her own—yet when she saw him so very coolly weighing the pros and cons, she got angry, and congratulated the wavering young man on his well-regulated affections. Elly Gilmour was, she said, a penniless girl with a bad-tempered mother who was sure to marry again; and, rising with the theme, she added, "Though the girl is the prettiest young creature I ever set eyes on, and though you care for her as you never cared for any other woman before, men don't marry wives for such absurd reasons as that. You are quite right to have nothing to do with her, and I respect you for your noble self-denial." The old lady knit away vigorously after this plain exposition of her feeling which perplexed her nephew. Contradictory as his own sentiments were, he seemed, like many weak men, prepared not merely to allow, but to desire, that circumstances should govern him.

As may be inferred from the comments we have made, Elizabeth is no heroine of the established kind, but a girl wayward and charming in her varying moods—confident in her charms, gleeful and frivolous. Life was just opening to her eager pleasure-seeking spirit; happiness was to come to her in her own way, she thought, not as it comes—if it comes at all—in the way we least expect. Let us present her to the reader:—

The end of the Paris winter came, and even then Elly had not had enough; not enough admiration, not enough happiness, not enough new dresses, not enough of herself, not enough time to suffice her eager, longing desires, not enough delights to fill up the swift flying days. "I cannot tell you—she could not have told you herself—what she wanted, what perfection of happiness, what wonderful things. She danced, she wore beautiful dresses, she flirted, she chattered nonsense and sentiment, she listened to music; her pretty little head was in a whirl. John Dampier followed her from place to place; and so, indeed, did one or two others. Though she was in love with them all, I believe she would have married this Dampier if he had asked her, but he never did. He saw that she did not really care for him; opportunity did not befriended him. His mother was against it; and then her mother was there, looking at him with her dark, reproachful eyes—those eyes which had once fascinated and then repelled him, and that he mistrusted so and almost hated now. And this is the secret of my story; but for this it would never have been written.

Elly was Miss Elizabeth Gilmour's household name. She lived with her handsome widowed mother, who, being thirty-six when Elly was eighteen, looked more like her sister, and was jealous of the homage paid to her only child's youth and brilliancy. She paled instead of brightened at her daughter's triumphs, and hated Elly because Sir John Dampier, whose boyish fancy she had fascinated when she was a young woman, was now captivated with Elizabeth's fresh beauty and winsome ways. Fate, in the form of Mrs. Gilmour, is bent in opposition to Elly, and the preconceived adieu of the young people remain unspoken, as Sir John is sent away when he calls at the Gilmours, before returning to England. Mrs. Gilmour had madly loved this Sir John Dampier twenty long years, and conceived that she had by her constancy won a right to his affection. It is a very unpleasant, if not an impossible, coincidence that mother and daughter should love the same man.

The writer observes that Elly, with all her vanities and failings,

\* *The Story of Elizabeth*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

would have made Dampier a good wife, and brightened his dismal old home, but he is "not sure that happiness is the best portion after all, and that there is not something better to be found in life than mere worldly prosperity." Such discipline as sweetens the best, and sours the worst dispositions, is in store for Elizabeth. The new page which is opening in Elly's history brings before us the most original characters in the book—the Pasteur Tourneur and his son Anthony—both sketched with a vigorous hand, which promises yet more than it performs. We must find space for M. Tourneur's portrait. The Pasteur was used to the world and its ways:—

He fancied he scorned them all, and yet the pomps and vanities and the pride of life had a horrible attraction for this quiet pasteur. He was humble and ambitious; he was tender-hearted, and hard-headed, and narrow-minded. Though stern to himself, he was weak to others, and yet feebly resolute when he met with opposition. He was not a great man; his qualities neutralized one another, but he had a great reputation. The Oratoire was crowded on the days when he was expected to preach, his classes were thronged, his pamphlets went through three or four editions. Popularity delighted him. His manner had a great charm, his voice was sweet, his words well chosen; his head was a fine melancholy head, his dark eyes flashed when he was excited. Women especially admired and respected Stephen Tourneur.

In her desperate cravings for sympathy, and her grief at losing all hope of Sir John, Mrs. Gilmour takes one of those resolutions which startle the outside world. She becomes M. Tourneur's wife, and opposites are brought together. As the author very shrewdly remarks of people like M. Tourneur and his brethren, whom, by the way, she is far from ridiculing—"They speak chiefly of sacred subjects; they have put aside our common talk, and thought, and career—they have put them away, and yet they are men and women after all." This is a secret they would not admit, but it lies at the root of a good many so-called inconsistent actions, which are, in truth, consistent with human nature, though not with theories about it. The description of a mode of life entirely uncongenial, and working evil by its unnatural restraint on a character like Elly's, is remarkably well brought out. All that was good in the girl was repressed. She did not try to make the best of this new phase of her existence in the Pasteur's home, where his wife, in her newly assumed responsibilities, ran "a sort of race of virtue" with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jacob, whose two obedient stupid little girls were always a rebuke to Elly's mother. There is a good deal of genuine humour in the way in which unruly Elly is made to resent and retort, puzzling and scandalizing the set amongst whom her life seemed distorted:—

I don't offer any excuse for Elizabeth. She was worried, and vexed, and tried beyond her powers of endurance, and she grew more wayward, more provoking every day. It is very easy to be good-natured, good-tempered, thankful and happy, when you are in the country you love, among your own people, living your own life. But if you are suddenly transplanted, made to live some one else's life, expected to see with another man's eyes, to forget your own identity almost, all that happens is that you do not do as you were expected. Sometimes it is a sheer impossibility. What is that rare proverb about the shoe? Cinderella slipped it on in an instant; but you know her poor sisters cut off their toes and heels, and could not screw their feet in, though they tried ever so. Well, they did their best; but Elly did not try at all, and that is why she was to blame.

How she is ultimately emancipated from this bondage we are not going to tell, as we are not making an epitome of the story.

John Dampier, drifting towards matrimony, becomes engaged to the rich cousin, when chance throws Elly again in his path. By his selfish inconsiderateness she is led into a scrape, naturally impelled by her wilful temper and her love for John. The poor girl pays dearly for her escapade. She has a serious fever—one of those fevers which come in so usefully in a novel, upsetting conventionalities and setting people to rights. The approach of death changes this wayward impetuous spirit, which sees persons and events clearly by that solemn light which never distorts but reveals. Miss Dampier nurses Elly and brings her back to a new life—to new views of life. This is delicately worked out. The eventual exchange of lovers seems unlikely as well as unnecessary. Surely some better mode might have been invented for the disposal of Lætitia, who is unceremoniously handed over to Will, and is clearly a victim throughout.

There is little to be discussed in *The Story of Elizabeth*. It is noticeable as the work of a sharp-sighted, candid observer, who will, we hope, give us very little philosophy in the next story; for when the author generalizes, there is a second-hand air about the reflections, which is at variance with the originality of the descriptive power displayed. Natural objects are vividly reproduced in a few words; but we object to originality at the expense of truth—for instance, what mortal eyes ever looked upon a "quivering green summer sky," or "bright yellow crocus hair?" With many imperfections and shortcomings, which cannot be denied in *The Story of Elizabeth*, those who read it will look for another novelette by the same author with pleasurable curiosity.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS—NEW ORATORIOS.\*

CRITICAL amateurs do not often attend provincial musical festivals with any very lively expectation of hearing a perfect performance. Various causes combine to produce the unsatis-

factory, but not unnatural, result. The combination, for this occasion only, of the country and metropolitan elements is not favourable to faultless execution. The choruses, mostly amateur, are given to undertake too much. The provincial appetite, being voracious in the matter of quantity, demands an abundant supply of the works of the great masters. The singers, too, are themselves sufficiently eager to attempt a large variety; while they are by no means willing to undergo that severe training of long and incessant practice without which their singing can never rise beyond mediocrity. Then, perhaps, it turns out that the notions of the London conductor have not agreed with those of the local trainer; or the provincial conductor is not up to the ways of the London performers; or perhaps some few of the metropolitan gentlemen entertain a *tant soit peu* disregard for the feelings and opinions of the rustic mind. From one cause or another, at any rate, it rarely happens that the success of these great gatherings is equal to their ambition; and the severe but charitable critic is satisfied if the performances, as a whole, have been up to the level that may be expected from what, in professional language, are called "the provinces."

Nevertheless, these monster music-meetings are productive of one real benefit to the cause of the art. Their promoters set an example which is rarely followed in London, by producing new works written on a large scale. Were it not for Birmingham and Norwich, the three Western choirs and the Yorkshiresmen, England would rarely hear a new oratorio or cantata. We can overlook many a provincial short-coming in consideration of this positive gain. The provincials do their best. Can the same be said for metropolitan musicians, whether professional or amateur? The Norwich Festival has just produced two works of considerable pretensions—Silas's *Joash*, and Benedict's *Cœur de Lion*. Whether either of these would have even existed but for the Norfolk love of music, may be more than doubted. At Worcester, the new oratorio, Schachner's *Israel's Return from Babylon*, may almost be called a complete novelty; for its previous performance at Exeter Hall was due, we understand, to the liberality of a single person, rather than to the spontaneous willingness of any London Society to undertake the performance of unknown compositions. Yet all of these works fairly deserved to be brought before the public under such conditions as might enable the listener to comprehend the composer's real intentions and merits. *Joash*, however, the most important of the three, met with scant justice at the hands of its performers, if the reports of the newspapers are to be trusted. Not that the smallest want of zeal or goodwill is to be suspected in any quarter; the fault lay in the entire plan of the Festival. There was just twice as much music attempted as there ought to have been. The Norwich chorus-singers are undoubtedly among the best that sing at country festivals, but they are utterly incapable of getting up such a preposterous quantity of music as they recently professed to execute; and the addition of singers from other parts of England would only add to their difficulties. With three of the old oratorios entire, portions of Haydn's and Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, Silas's *Joash*, Benedict's *Cœur de Lion*, and Cusins's *Wedding Serenata*, to say nothing of sundry other choruses, how was it possible that a work like *Joash* could be even respectably got through? If the local chorus-singing had been absolutely faultless, a proper amount of final rehearsing with the London orchestra would have been out of the question. London instrumentalists may be all that their most indiscriminating eulogists describe them, but they are not gifted with the prophetic faculty, and cannot play any new work as it ought to be played without far more rehearsing than is usually devoted to it. Moreover, it is not every solo singer who is sufficiently a musician to be able to do justice to new works without repeated and careful previous study. There are "stars," both Italian and English, who want almost as much drilling as the amateur chorus-singer; and when this is the case, the want of thorough rehearsing is certain to tell injuriously upon the public performance. To what but a want of rehearsing, for instance, must be attributed the eccentricities of Mademoiselle Carlotta Patti's singing of the great song of the "Queen of Night" at a recent Crystal Palace Concert—eccentricities which fairly defied all efforts on the part of conductor and orchestra to keep pace with them? The musical public has yet to learn that the vocal feats of some of its idols are as thoroughly a piece of dry manufacture, prepared expressly for the English market, as the calicoes of Preston or the crinolines of Sheffield.

We have not yet examined M. Silas's orchestral score, but, judging from the pianoforte arrangement, an offhand performance of his oratorio would be destruction to it. The libretto is founded on the historical events recorded in the Second Book of Kings. The story is not ill-adapted to musical and dramatic treatment; but Mr. Linley does not appear to be fully aware that a few fragments of bald narrative do not constitute the proper words for an air. We have here songs set to words which are simply fit for recitative, and we are only surprised that the composer has been so little hampered by their essentially prosaic character. M. Silas's exact style cannot be easily defined. It would hardly be correct to say that it is that of Mendelssohn, and yet it is that style which is partly the result of the genius of Mendelssohn, and which must be reflected by all oratorio writers of the present generation unless gifted with a strongly marked individuality of their own. At the same time, *Joash* is perfectly free from plagiarisms, and we have scarcely detected even a reminiscence of any other writer. The songs, we think, are the most thoroughly successful parts of the whole work, and the recitatives the least so, though there are some of these latter that are full of

\* *Joash*. A Sacred Drama. The Words (excepting portions from Scripture) by George Linley; the Music by Edward Silas. London: Cramer & Co. 1863.

*Israel's Return from Babylon*. Sacred Oratorio. The Words adapted from Holy Scripture; the Poetry from Moore's "Sacred Songs." Composed by Joseph Rodolph Schachner. London: Boosey & Sons. 1863.



breadth and melodious phrasing—as, for instance, the last recitative sung by Jehoiada, leading, with a few bars of chorus, simple but expressive, to the Finale. The overture begins remarkably well, but, after the brief working out of the opening subject, suddenly starts off into a series of florid semi-quavers and triplets which have no connexion either with what comes before or what follows after them. The "March of Levites" is more perfectly knit together, and is vigorous, spirited, and well marked. The choruses contain many noticeable features. The Finale, with its tenor solos, is perhaps the most telling and effective of the whole, and the incessant accompaniment of triplets, till within a few bars of the end, carries the melody on with a "swing" that would be most effective if properly performed. Of all the choruses, this seems to have flowed most readily from the writer's pen. Of the same easily moving character is a short but tuneful "Chorus of Pagan Maidens," who, through some unaccountable mental process, sing a portion of one of the Psalms of David. This surely must be a mistake, and for "Pagan" we ought to read "Jewish." In a Chorus of the Priests of Baal, "Aid and save us, mighty Baal," M. Silas has devised a treatment quite unlike that of Mendelssohn with similar words. If taken with sufficient speed and animation, and with the continued rolling accompaniment of the violoncellos well and clearly given, this would be a dramatic and powerful chorus; but if got through with the common provincial slurring, it would end in a hopeless and dull confusion. The chorus and dance, "God save the King," is the least satisfactory thing in the whole oratorio. In all the choruses M. Silas attempts but little in the way of imitation and fugue, herein falling in with the taste of the day—a taste, it should be remembered, which Mendelssohn himself, with all his love for the old-fashioned counterpoint, not a little contributed to form. Even in the *Elijah*, it is remarkable how seldom he employs the grandest and best method of working out a climax by means of a real *stretto*, while, in the most popular of all its choruses—the "Thanks be to God"—the concluding effect is really produced by the whirl and rush of the accompanying violins. Of the songs in *Joash*, many are good, and three or four are delightful. Jehoiada's first air, "When Jehosheba, my beloved wife," notwithstanding its prosy words, is grave, manly, and melodious, flowing in its modulations with that ease which indicates not merely the skilful musician, but the practised writer. Equally good is the mezzo-soprano air, "Suffer not, O Lord." The rapid changes from the natural to the flat key and back again, towards the end, strike us as peculiarly well managed; and the whole song is really beautiful. Perhaps more immediately popular, however, would be the contralto air, "Teach me, O Lord"—a sweet and tuneful piece of writing as we have seen for many years. It has less in it, perhaps, that would stand the wear and tear of frequent hearing, than others in the oratorio, but it is a most attractive song nevertheless. The airs given to Athalia herself are, we think, less happy, though well conceived, and certainly not without dramatic force. The fact is, that to write songs expressive of vehement and uncontrolled emotion is a gift of unusual rarity. The voice of tragedy in music is as hard to utter as in spoken verse; and if we contrast the melodies which M. Silas puts into the mouth of Athalia with those by which Glück has expressed the passions of Armida, it is not without admitting that the comparison passes the limits of fair criticism. Mendelssohn himself has attempted no such soprano songs, his greatest achievements in the way of vehement emotion being all of them choruses.

Herr Schachner's music is set to a singular medley by way of libretto. We can only account for the want of perception sometimes shown by Continental composers to the absurdity or dullness of English words by imagining that their defects are not perceptible to a foreigner, just as the inflexible twaddle of Italian opera books is only half perceived by the English performer or hearer. Anything more hopelessly incongruous than the Bible and the melodies of Tom Moore can scarcely be conceived, but to Herr Schachner this incongruity was doubtless unknown when he allied the two. His music is essentially modern in character, approaching sometimes to lightness in style; but the work has many pleasing features. Such is the air, "War against Babylon"—a good specimen of an animated bass song, followed by a martial chorus, simple and effective in treatment, though somewhat monotonous in portions of its florid accompaniment. The next chorus, "Sound the loud timbrel," is a good example of the composer's more lively style, and may be contrasted with Avison's setting of the same words which was popular at London concerts some forty years ago. But where, we must ask, was the librettist's atlas, when he made the Israelites returning from Babylon to Palestine talk about "Egypt's dark sea," and the "chariots and horsemen" of the pursuers being "sunk in the tide"? These Jewish singers are as peculiar in their notions of geography as M. Silas's Pagan maidens in their choice of hymns. Herr Schachner's duets furnish some of the best examples both of his melodies and his treatment. The duet for tenor and bass, "The Lord has tried his children," is extremely well put together. Still more agreeable is the "Evening Hymn," a canon for soprano and tenor, altogether one of the most successful portions of the whole work. Equally good, and in the same easily-flowing style, is a short tenor andante, "He will bring them again." The choruses, in general, are not equal to the songs and duets, and betray a tendency to relapse into the common-place. The words supposed to be spoken by the Almighty, whether the invention of Thomas Moore or otherwise, are set by Herr Schachner to a single note, with varying accompaniment. What may be the effect of this singularity when the monotone is delivered by a large body of voices, it is difficult to

judge, but we should be disposed to doubt whether it would be satisfactory.

On the whole, reviewing these two oratorios, it is impossible not to regret the state of musical affairs which makes it so difficult to bring out new orchestral and choral works in London with anything approaching to a fair performance. The public, who complain of the barrenness of living writers, ought to learn to lay the blame on the right shoulders. How can composers or concert-givers venture on producing elaborate compositions, with a proper band, chorus, and solo singers, when no audience will come, and when the cost of production is absolutely enormous? We cannot at present enter upon this last great obstacle in the way of musical advancement, but the uninitiated in such matters may judge what are the entire expenses of concerts on a complete scale from the single item of the cost of hiring the concert-room. The charge for the use of Exeter Hall for a single evening concert is *thirty pounds*, exclusive of rehearsals and exclusive of sundry extras. Other rooms cost somewhat less, in more or less varying degrees; but then they accommodate smaller audiences, and Exeter Hall is the only room in London which has a platform capacious enough for the large choruses and bands now in vogue. Such being the case, let us, we again say, be thankful for the honest encouragement which the Provincial Festivals, and they alone, give to the musical art in England.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.**—The Session will be Publicly Opened on Monday, November 5, 1863, at Two o'clock p.m., when an Address to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir DAVID BARRER. Full Details as to Classes, Examinations, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar, 1863-64," published by Messrs. Macintosh & Stewart, South Bridge, Edinburgh, price 2s. By order of the Senatus, ALEX. SMITH, Secretary to the University. September, 1863.

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Joseph Mayer Montagu, Esq.  
Sir Anthony de Rothschild, Bart.  
Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P.  
Thomas Charles Smith, Esq.

Auditors.—(Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.)  
George Feabody, Esq.  
Bankers.—Messrs. Barnett, Hoare, Barnett, & Co.

**LIFE ASSURANCE.**  
Life Assurance, in a variety of forms, fully explained in the Company's Prospectus.  
**FIRE ASSURANCE.**  
Mercantile Assurances at the reduced rates. Foreign Insurances at moderate premiums.  
Fire risks generally—on the usual terms.

**LIFE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS.**  
Perfect security, arising from the large capital of the Company, and personal responsibility of the Shareholders.

Prompt and liberal settlement of Claims.  
F. A. ENGELBACH, Actuary.  
D. MACLAGAN, Secretary.

## ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY (1824).

MICHAELMAS TERM.  
FIRE ASSURANCE.  
Renewal Receipts for Policies expiring at Michaelmas are now ready.

D. MACLAGAN, Secretary.

## THE BUXTON HOTEL COMPANY, Limited.

CAPITAL £20,000, IN 5,000 SHARES OF £40 EACH.  
10s. per Share to be paid on Application, and 10s. on Allotment.  
Five per cent. Interest will be allowed on all payments in advance of Calls.

Directors.  
Captain DARWIN, The Park, Buxton.  
G. F. GWIN, Esq., Westcott House, Mammernsmith, Vice-Chairman of the Inns of Court Hotel Company.  
J. F. HENLEY, Esq., M.D., Spring Gardens.  
GEORGE ELDERSON MANSDEN, Esq., St. James's Square, Manchester.  
Colonel SOLLOTH, Junior United Service Club.  
JOHN RAIBLES, Esq., Rayham Cottage, Regent's Park, N.W.  
WILLIAM PARKER-SHILTON, Esq., The Square, Buxton.  
THOMAS STANTON, Esq., 11 Forester Square, Hyde Park, Director of the Inns of Court Hotel Company.  
E. W. WILMOT, Esq., Buxton.

With power to add to their number.  
Bankers.  
The UNION BANK of MANCHESTER, Manchester.  
The LONDON and NORTHERN BANK, London, and its branches.  
The SHEFFIELD and ROTHERHAM BANKING COMPANY, Buxton, and branches.

Solicitors.  
Messrs. DRUCE & Co., 53 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.  
J. T. BULLOCK, Esq., 18 Spring Gardens, Buxton.

Auditors.  
Messrs. GUILTER, BALL, JAY, & CO., 3 Moorgate Street, E.C.  
Messrs. FITZGERALD & TAYLOR, 63 King Street, Manchester.  
Architect.—HENRY CURRY, Esq., 4 Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.

Brokers.  
Messrs. SIMS & HILL, 3 Bartholomew Lane, E.C.  
Messrs. GRINDLEY & PHILLIPS, 3 Bank Street, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.  
THOMAS MORRIS, Esq., 3 India Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool.  
Messrs. GEO. LANCASTER & CO., Huddersfield.  
Messrs. W. H. & J. A. KADON, Sheffield.

Secretary.—Mr. WILLIAM WOODFORD.  
Temporary Offices.—(MANCHESTER: 63 KING STREET.)

Detailed Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be made to the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, or Secretary—or to Mr. Samuel Turner, Grove Cottage, the Quadrant, Buxton.

**THE BUXTON HOTEL COMPANY, Limited.**—Application for SHARES in this Company must be forwarded to the secretary on or before Monday, the 19th instant, on which day the List will be closed.

1 Guildhall Chambers, Basinghall Street.  
October 3, 1863.  
By Order, WM. WOODFORD, Secretary.